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RECOLLECTIONS

OF

A LITERARY LIFE

VOL. III.

RECOLLECTIONS

OF

A LITERARY LIFE;

OR,

BOOKS, PLACES, AND PEOPLE.

B320

BY MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

AUTHOR OF

"OUR VILLAGE," "BELFORD REGIS," &c.

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CONTENTS

OF

THE THIRD VOLUME.

I.

AUTHORS ASSOCIATED WITH PLACES.

Page

THOMAS CHATTERTON — ROBERT SOUTHEY — SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH . 1

II.

AMERICAN POETS.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. 21

III.

LETTERS OF AUTHORS.

SAMUEL RICHARDSON 41

IV.

FINE SINGLE POEMS.

Page
SIR WALTER SCOTT, &c. 64

V.

AUTHORS ASSOCIATED WITH PLACES.

W. C. BENNETT 94

VI.

IRISH AUTHORS.

GERALD GRIFFIN 119

VII.

MOCK-HEROIC POETRY.

JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE 149

VIII.

AUTHORS ASSOCIATED WITH PLACES.

LORD CLARENDON—GEOFFREY CHAUCER—JOHN HUGHES 173

IX.

UNRECOGNISED POETS.

GEORGE DARLEY, THE REV. EDWARD WILLIAM BARNARD 199

X.

AMERICAN PROSE WRITERS.

Page
NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE 219

XI.

OLD POETS.

ANDREW MARVEL 250

XII.

SCOTTISH POETS.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL 264

XIII.

GREAT PROSE WRITERS.

LORD BACON — JOHN MILTON — JEREMY TAYLOR — JOHN RUSKIN 276

RECOLLECTIONS

OF

A LITERARY LIFE.

I.

AUTHORS ASSOCIATED WITH PLACES.

THOMAS CHATTERTON—ROBERT SOUTHEY—SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE—WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

From Bath we proceeded to Bristol, or rather to Clifton, traversing the tunnels this time with as gay a confidence as I should do now. Of Bath, its buildings and its scenery, I had heard much good; of Bristol, its dirt, its dinginess, and its ugliness, much evil. Shall I confess—dare I confess, that I was charmed with the old city? The tall, narrow, picturesque dwellings with their quaint gables; the wooden houses in Wine Street, one of which was brought from Holland bodily, that is to say, in

ready-made bits, wanting only to be put together; the courts and lanes climbing like ladders up the steep acclivities; the hanging-gardens, said to have been given by Queen Elizabeth to the washerwomen (everything has a tradition in Bristol); the bustling quays; the crowded docks; the calm, silent, Dowry Parade (I have my own reasons for loving Dowry Parade) with its trees growing up between the pavement like the close of a cathedral; the Avon flowing between those two exquisite boundaries, the richly tufted Leigh Woods clothing the steep hill side, and the grand and lofty St. Vincent's Rocks, with houses perched upon the summits that looked ready to fall upon our heads; the airy line of the chain that swung from tower to tower of the intended suspension bridge, with its basket hanging in mid air like the car of a balloon, making one dizzy to look at it;—formed an enchanting picture. I know nothing in English landscape so lovely or so striking as that bit of the Avon beyond the Hot Wells, especially when the tide is in, the ferry boat crossing, and some fine American ship steaming up the river.

As to Clifton, I suspect that my opinions were a little heretical in that quarter also; for I could not help wishing the houses away (not the inhabitants, that would have been too ungrateful), and the wide open downs restored to their primæval space and airiness. How delightful must the Hot Wells have

been then! and how much greater the chance of recovery for invalids, who could add the temptation of such a spot for rides and drives to the salubrity of the waters!

I had an hereditary interest in the Hot Wells; my own mother having accompanied her only brother thither to die. It was one of the brief romances which under different forms most families probably could tell: a young man of the highest promise, a Fellow of Oriel, as his father had been before him, and just entered of Lincoln's Inn, who galloped to Reading after dark to dance with a county beauty, and returned the same way the moment the ball was ended. He had offered his hand, for more than the evening, to the lady of his love, and had been accepted. But the chill of a snowy winter night, after such exercise and such excitement, struck to his chest; rapid consumption ensued, and the affianced lovers never met again. It is often the best and the fairest who die such deaths. Every one knows Mason's fine epitaph on his young wife in this very cathedral:

> Take, holy earth, all that my soul holds dear,
> Take that best gift which Heaven so lately gave!
> To Bristol's fount I bore with trembling care
> Her faded form: she bowed to taste the wave
> And died.

The first place that I visited was connected with

a far deeper tragedy, the beautiful church of St. Mary Redcliffe. I climbed up to the muniment room over the porch, now and for ever famous, and sitting down on the stone chest then empty, where poor Chatterton pretended to have found the various writings he attributed to Rowley, and from whence he probably did obtain most of the ancient parchment that served as his material, I could understand the effect that the mere habit of haunting such a chamber might produce upon a sensitive and imaginative boy. Even in that rude and naked room the majesty and grandeur of the magnificent church make themselves strongly felt. The dim light, the massive walls, the echoing pavement under foot, the vaulted roof over head, all tend to produce the solemn feeling peculiar to a great ecclesiastical edifice. Even the two monuments of Cannynge down below, one in the secular, the other in the priestly habit, impress upon the mind the image of the munificent patron to whom St. Mary Redcliffe owes its sublimity and beauty. The forgeries of Chatterton will always remain amongst the wonders of genius; but they become less incredible after having breathed the atmosphere of that muniment chamber.

The humbler buildings connected with

"The marvellous boy
Who perished in his pride,"

have been nearly all swept away by the barbarous hand of Improvement; but every one whom I met showed me some site or told me some tradition bearing on his lamentable story. There his father taught a little school; there he was born; there his widowed mother dwelt: one person shows you the dress of the charity boys on whose foundation he was placed; another recites to you the verses (quite as remarkable as the juvenile poems of Pope or Cowley), which he wrote at eleven years of age; a third relates anecdotes of the attorney to whom he was articled; while a fourth produces a copy of the newspaper which contained his first successful attempt at deception—the description of the ceremonies which attended the first passing of the old bridge by the Friars, which he sent to a Bristol journal upon the opening of the new. After this the number of the forgeries, antiquarian, heraldic and poetical was astonishing. Local interest was engaged and personal vanity. The beauty of the poems was acknowledged on all hands; and had, perhaps, no small share in the general credulity; for it seemed easier to believe in the alleged Rowley than to assign their authorship to the real Chatterton. Nay, even to this hour, one of the most accomplished men whom I have ever known (to be sure he has no objection to a paradox) professes, chiefly on this ground, his entire faith in the genuineness of the manuscripts.

Confident in his own powers and full of proud anticipation, the luckless boy set forth for London; seized on every word of praise as an earnest of fortune; sent nearly all his poor earnings to his mother and sister, accompanied by letters full of the brightest hope; and at last disenchanted, maddened, starved, took poison, and was interred in a shell in the burying-ground belonging to Shoe Lane workhouse. He had not completed his eighteenth year. There is a story told that a little before his death, wandering in St. Pancras churchyard, he fell into an open grave, and seemed to seize upon it as an omen. A most painful irreligious paper called his will, written, let us hope, under the influence of the same frenzy that prompted his suicide, is shown in a glass case in the museum at Bristol; and I saw at Mr. Cottle's two very interesting reliques of the unhappy writer; the Berghem (or as he called it, de Berghem) pedigree, one of his earliest forgeries, curiously and skilfully emblazoned; and a tattered pocket-book, in which the poor boy had set down with careful exactness the miserable pittance he had gained by writing for magazines and newspapers while in London, a pittance so wretched as to render it certain that utter destitution, utter starvation (although with characteristic pride he had refused a dinner from his landlady the day before) was the immediate cause of the catastrophe.

In spite of the old spelling the fine personifica-

tion of Freedom in the chorus of "Goddwyn" makes its way to the mind:

Whan Freedom dreste yn blodde-stayned veste
To everie knyghte her warre-songe sunge,
Uponne her hedde wylde wedes were spredde
A gorie anlace bye her honge.
She danneed onne the heathe;
She hearde the voice of dethe;
Pale eyned Affryghte his harte of sylver hue
In vayne assayled her bosome to acale
She hearde onflemed the shriekynge voice of Woe,
And sadnesse ynne the owlette shake the dale.
She shooke the burled speere,
On high she jeste her sheelde,
Her foemen all appere
And flizze alonge the feelde.

Modern spelling, and a very little transformation, would make a charming pastoral of the minstrel's song in Œlla:

FIRST MINSTREL.

The budding flowret blushes at the light;
The meads are sprinkled with their yellowest hue;
In daisied mantle is the mountain dight;
The tender cowslip bendeth with the dew.
The evening comes and brings that dew along;
The ruddy welkin shineth to the eyne;
Around the ale-stake minstrels sing the song.
Young ivy round the door-post to entwine
I lay me on the grass. Yet to my will,
Albeit all is fair, there lacketh something still.

SECOND MINSTREL.

When Autumn bleak and sunburnt doth appear
With golden hand gilding the falling leaf,
Bringing up Winter to fulfil the year,
Bearing upon his back the ripened sheaf;
When the fair apple, red as evening sky,
Doth bend the tree unto the fruitful ground;
When juicy pear and berry of black dye
Do dance in air and tempt the taste around;
Then be the evening foul or evening fair,
Methinks that my heart's joy is shadowed with some care.

THIRD MINSTREL.

So Adam thought when first in Paradise
All heaven and earth did homage at his feet;
In gentle woman all man's pleasure lies
'Midst Autumn's beating storms or summer's heat:
Go take a wife unto thy heart and see
Winter and the brown hills will have a charm for thee.

Remains of the society that rendered Clifton illustrious fifty years ago still lingered there: accomplished relatives of the Edgeworths, the Beddoes's, and the Porters. The Sketcher of Blackwood, eminent as artist (amateur artist!) and writer, scholar and wit, adorned the society. There too was his one picture, worth many a grand collection—a picture which, when once seen, can never be forgotten—the St. Catherine of Dominichino, from which Sir Joshua borrowed the attitude of his Tragic Muse. The more the light was reduced, the more

that figure started from the canvas. Two remarkable women also were there: Mrs. Schimmelpenninck authoress of "A Tour to Alet;" a charming, venerable lady, with her Moravian dress and language, and her habit of feeding and comforting everything she came near; she would walk out alone, and return with a train of dogs and children, expecting and receiving doles of cake and gingerbread from her inexhaustible pockets; and Mrs. Harriet Lee, who was unfortunately absent during my visit. I am not much addicted to lion-hunting, but it was a real loss not to see the authoress of "Kruitzner," one of the very few original stories which our predecessors have not stolen from us.

The most interesting resident of the neighbourhood I did however see. My kind friend, the Sketcher, drove me, by invitation, to drink tea at Firfield, a house used during the war as a French prison, and then inhabited by Mr. Cottle and his sister.

Mr. Cottle had been during seven years a bookseller at Bristol, and had during that time had the singular fortune, let me add the liberality and good taste, to publish the first works of Southey, of Coleridge, and of Wordsworth. Himself the author of many works of excellent feeling and tendency, and of one ("The Recollections of Coleridge") of the very highest merit, I found him as I had expected, a mild and venerable man, distinguished for courtesy

and intelligence. He received us in a room stored with books and piled with portfolios, into each of which he had most carefully inserted the letters of such correspondents as few persons could boast. Letters of Sir Humphrey Davy, of Robert Hall, of John Foster, of Hannah More, of Charles Lloyd, of Charles Lamb, of Mr. Landor, of Coleridge, of Southey, of Wordsworth, and of a certain John Henderson, who might, Mr. Cottle said, have excelled them all, but who died at nine-and-twenty, and left nothing behind him except an immense reputation for general power, and especially for the power of conversation. "He evaporated in talk." His father had been a neighbouring schoolmaster, and had retained his gifted son as his assistant, until driven by general remonstrance into sending him to Oxford. When he arrived there, the astonishment that such a scholar should come to be taught seems to have been universal. He staid on, however, and in the course of a few years died. I remember to have heard the same account of him from my good old friend, Dr. Valpy, whom he occasionally visited at Reading, and who spoke of him as a very disturbing visitor to a man of regular habits. He would sit smoking and talking till three or four o'clock in the morning, neither of them remembering the hour, John Henderson carrying the good doctor away by the flow of his eloquence. It may be doubted whether, if he had lived, he would have left anything behind him except a great recollection.

Besides these portfolios (many of them very bulky, and some from men whose names have probably escaped me), the walls were hung with portraits of these illustrious friends, some engravings, some drawings, some oil-paintings, and many of them repeated two or three times, at different ages. Mr. Cottle was engaged in transcribing Southey's letters, for a life even then projected, and since executed by his son. He said, that of his various epistolary collections he thought Southey's the most amusing, preferring them even to those he had received from Charles Lamb. Very few of these letters are inserted in Mr. Cuthbert Southey's work (doubtless he was embarrassed by his over-riches); but I cannot help thinking that a selection of familiar epistles from all the portfolios would be a very welcome gift to the literary world. People can hardly know too much of these great poets, and of such prose writers as Charles Lamb, John Foster, and Robert Hall.

Both Coleridge and Southey were married at Bristol; Coleridge certainly, and Southey I think, at the beautiful church of St. Mary Redcliffe. Upon my mentioning this to the parish clerk, very learned upon the subject of Chatterton, he was surprised into confessing his ignorance of the fact, and got as near as a parish clerk ever does to an admission that he had never heard the first of those illustrious names. So strange a thing is local reputation.

Plenty of people, however, were eager to show me the localities rendered famous by Southey, and I looked with delight on his father's house, his early home. How great and how good a man he was! how fine a specimen of the generosity of labour! Giving so largely, so liberally, so unostentatiously, not from the superfluities of an abundant fortune, but from the hard-won earnings of his indefatigable toil! Some people complain of his change of politics; and I, for my own particular part, wish very heartily that he had been content with a very moderate modification of opinion. But does not the violent republicanism of youth often end in the violent toryism of age? Does not the pendulum, very forcibly set in motion, swing as far one way as it has swung the other? Does not the sun rise in the east and set in the west?

As to his poetry, I suspect people of liking it better than they say. He was not Milton or Shakespeare, to be sure; but are we to read nobody but Shakespeare or Milton? I will venture to add the "Lines on a Holly-tree:"

O reader! hast thou ever stood to see
The holly-tree?
The eye that contemplates it well, perceives
Its glossy leaves
Ordered by an intelligence so wise
As might confound the atheist's sophistries.

Below, a circling fence, its leaves are seen
Wrinkled and keen;

No grazing cattle through their prickly round
Can reach to wound;
But as they grow where nothing is to fear,
Smooth and unarmed the pointless leaves appear.

I love to view these things with anxious eyes
And moralise:
And in this wisdom of the holly-tree
Can emblems see
Wherewith perchance to make a pleasant rhyme
One that will profit in the after time.

Thus though abroad perchance I might appear
Harsh and austere,
To those who on my leisure would intrude
Reserved and rude,
Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be,
Like the high leaves upon the holly-tree.

And should my youth, as youth is apt I know,
Some harshness show,
All vain asperities I day by day
Would wear away,
Till the smooth temper of my age should be
Like the high leaves upon the holly-tree.

And as, when all the summer trees are seen
So bright and green;
The holly leaves their fadeless hue display
Less bright than they,
But when the bare and wintry woods we see,
What then so cheerful as the holly-tree?

So serious should my youth appear among
The thoughtless throng,
So would I seem among the young and gay
More grave than they,
That in my age as cheerful I might be
As the green winter of the holly-tree.

But he has not done himself justice in this comparison. Never was man more beloved by all who approached him. Even his peculiarities, if he had any, were genial and pleasant. One anecdote I happen to know personally. He was invited to a large evening party, at Tavistock House, the residence of Mr. Perry, proprietor of the "Morning Chronicle," a delightful person, where men of all parties met, forgetting their political differences in social pleasure. The guest was so punctual, that only two young inmates were in the room to receive him.

"What are we to have to-night?" inquired he of Miss Lunan, Mr. Perry's niece, and Professor Porson's step-daughter.

"Music, I suppose," was the reply; "at least I know that Catalani is coming!"

"Ah!" rejoined the poet, "then I shall come another time. You will not miss me. Make my excuses!" and off he ran, laughing at his own dislike to opera singers and bravura songs.

Everybody has heard the often told story of Coleridge's enlisting in a cavalry regiment under a

feigned name, and being detected as a Cambridge scholar in consequence of his writing some Greek lines, or rather, I believe, some Greek words, over the bed of a sick comrade, whom, not knowing how else to dispose of him, he had been appointed to nurse. It has not been stated that the arrangement for his discharge took place at my father's house at Reading. Such, however, was the case. The story was this. Dr. Ogle, Dean of Winchester, was related to the Mitfords, as relationships go in Northumberland, and having been an intimate friend of my maternal grandfather, had no small share in bringing about the marriage between his young cousin and the orphan heiress. He continued to take an affectionate interest in the couple he had brought together, and the 15th Light Dragoons, in which his eldest son had a troop, being quartered in Reading, he came to spend some days at their house. Of course Captain Ogle, between whom and my father the closest friendship subsisted, was invited to meet the Dean, and in the course of the dinner told the story of the learned recruit. It was the beginning of the great war with France; men were procured with difficulty, and if one of the servants waiting at table had not been induced to enlist in his place, there might have been some hesitation in procuring a discharge. Mr. Coleridge never forgot my father's zeal in the cause, for kind and clever as he was, Captain Ogle was so indolent a man,

that without a flapper, the matter might have slept in his hands till the Greek kalends. Such was Mr. Coleridge's kind recognition of my father's exertions, that he had the infinite goodness and condescension to look over the proof sheets of two girlish efforts, "Christina" and "Blanch," and to encourage the young writer by gentle strictures and stimulating praise. Ah! I wish she had better deserved this honouring notice!

I add one of his sublimest poems.

HYMN BEFORE SUNRISE IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI.

Hast thou a charm to stay the Morning Star
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
On thybald awful head, O sovran Blanc!
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful form!
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines
How silently! Around thee and above
Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,
An ebon mass: methinks thou piercest it
As with a wedge! But when I look again
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity!
O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense
Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer
I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Yet like some sweet beguiling melody,
So sweet we know not we are listening to it,

Thou the meanwhile wast blending with my thought,
Yea with my life, and life's most secret joy;
Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing—there
As in her natural form swelled vast to Heaven!

Awake my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute tears and thrilling ecstasy. Awake!
Voice of sweet song! Awake my heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole sovran of the vale!
Or struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky or when they sink
Companion of the Morning Star at dawn,
Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald! wake, O wake, and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents, fiercely glad!
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
For ever shattered and the same for ever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?
And who commanded (and the silence came),
Here let the billows stiffen and have rest?

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents methinks that heard a mighty voice
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?—
God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo God!
God! sing ye meadow-streams with gladsome voice!
Ye pine-groves with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder God!

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the element!
Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!

Once more, hoar mount with thy sky-painting peaks,
Oft from whose feet the avalanche unheard,
Shoots downward glittering through the pure serene,
Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast—
Thou too again, stupendous Mountain! thou,
In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow travelling with dim eyes, suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest like a vapoury cloud
To rise before me—Rise, O ever rise;
Rise like a cloud of incense from the earth!
Thou kingly spirit throned among the hills,

Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,
Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God!

One cannot look too often upon Mr. Wordsworth's charming female portrait:

She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight:
A lovely apparition sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
Like twilight too her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view
A spirit, yet a woman too!
Her household motions light and free
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright and good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath;
A traveller betwixt life and death;

The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill,
A perfect woman nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still and bright,
With something of an angel light.

I would add "Laodamia," if it were not too long, and the "Yew-trees," if I had not a misgiving that I have somewhere planted those deathless trunks before. In how many ways is a great poet glorious! I met with a few lines taken from that noble poem the other day in the "Modern Painters," cited for the landscape:

"Huge trunks, and each particular trunk a growth
Of intertwisted fibres serpentine,
Upcoiling and inveterately convolved!
Beneath whose shade
With sheddings from the pinal umbrage tinged
Perenially—"

and so forth. Mr. Ruskin cited this fine passage for the picture, I for the personifications:

"Ghostly shapes
May meet at noontide, Fear and trembling Hope
Silence and Foresight, Death the skeleton,
And Time the shadow!

Both quoted the lines for different excellencies, and both were right.

II.

AMERICAN POETS.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

AMONGST the strange events of these strange days of ours, when revolutions and counter-revolutions, constitutions changed one week and rechanged the next, seem to crowd into a fortnight the work of a century, annihilating time, just as railways and electric telegraphs annihilate space—in these days of curious novelty, nothing has taken me more pleasantly by surprise than the school of true and original poetry that has sprung up among our blood relations (I had well nigh called them our fellow-countrymen) across the Atlantic; they who speak the same tongue and inherit the same literature. And of all this flight of genuine poets, I hardly know any one so original as Dr. Holmes. For him we can find no living prototype; to track his foot-

steps, we must travel back as far as Pope or Dryden; and to my mind it would be well if some of our own bards would take the same journey—provided always, it produced the same result. Lofty, poignant, graceful, grand, high of thought, and clear of word, we could fancy ourselves reading some pungent page of "Absalom and Achitophel," or of the "Moral Epistles," if it were not for the pervading nationality, which, excepting Whittier, American poets have generally wanted, and for that true reflection of the manners and the follies of the age, without which satire would fail alike of its purpose and its name.

The work of which I am about to offer a sample, all too brief, is a little book much too brief itself; a little book of less than forty pages, described in the title-page as "Astræa—a Poem, delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Yale College, August, 1850, by Oliver Wendell Holmes, and printed at the request of the Society."

The introduction tells most gracefully, in verse that rather, perhaps, implies than relates, the cause of the author's visit to the college, dear to him as the place of his father's education:

What secret charm long whispering in mine ear,
Allures, attracts, compels, and chains me here,
Where murmuring echoes call me to resign
Their sacred haunts to sweeter lips than mine;

Where silent pathways pierce the solemn shade,
In whose still depths my feet have never strayed;
Here, in the home where grateful children meet,
And I, half alien, take the stranger's seat,
Doubting, yet hoping that the gift I bear
May keep its bloom in this unwonted air?
'Hush, idle fancy, with thy needless art,
Speak from thy fountains, O my throbbing heart!
Say shall I trust these trembling lips to tell
The fireside tale that memory knows so well?
How in the days of Freedom's dread campaign,
A home-bred schoolboy left his village plain,
Slow faring southward, till his wearied feet
Pressed the worn threshold of this fair retreat;
How with his comely face and gracious mien,
He joined the concourse of the classic green,
Nameless, unfriended, yet by Nature blest
With the rich tokens that she loves the best;
The flowing locks, his youth's redundant crown,
Smoothed o'er a brow unfurrowed by a frown;
The untaught smile, that speaks so passing plain,
A world all hope, a past without a stain;
The clear-hued cheek, whose burning current glows
Crimson in action, carmine in repose;
Gifts such as purchase, with unminted gold,
Smiles from the young and blessings from the old.

Is not the portrait of the boy beautiful? The poem goes on:

Say shall my hand with pious love restore,
The faint far pictures time beholds no more?
How the grave senior, he whose later fame
Stamps on our laws his own undying name,

Saw from on high with half paternal joy
Some spark of promise in the studious boy,
And bade him enter, with paternal tone,
The stately precincts which he called his own.

* * * * *

How kindness ripened, till the youth might dare,
Take the low seat beside his sacred chair,
While the gray scholar bending o'er the young,
Spelled the square types of Abraham's ancient tongue,
Or with mild rapture stooped devoutly o'er
His small coarse leaf alive with curious lore;
Tales of grim judges, at whose awful beck,
Flashed the broad blade across a royal neck;
Or learned dreams of Israel's long-lost child,
Found in the wanderer of the western wild.
Dear to his age were memories such as these,
Leaves of his June in life's autumnal breeze;
Such were the tales that won my boyish ear,
Told in low tones that evening loves to hear.
Thus in the scene I pass so lightly o'er,
Trod for a moment, then beheld no more,
Strange shapes and dim, unseen by other eyes,
Through the dark portals of the past arise;
I see no more the fair embracing throng,
I hear no echo to my saddened song,
No more I heed the kind or envious gaze,
The voice of blame, the rustling thrill of praise:
Alone, alone, the awful past I tread,
White with the marbles of the slumbering dead;
One shadowy form my dreaming eyes behold,
That leads my footsteps as it led of old,
One floating voice, amid the silence heard,
Breathes in my ear love's long unspoken word;—

These are the scenes thy youthful eyes have known,
My heart's warm pulses claim them as its own;
The sapling compassed in thy fingers' clasp,
My arms scarce circle in their twice-told grasp,
Yet in each leaf of yon o'ershadowing tree,
I read a legend that was traced by thee.
Year after year the living wave has beat
These smooth-worn channels with its trampling feet,
Yet in each line that scores the grassy sod,
I see the pathway where thy feet have trod;
Though from the scene that hears my faltering lay,
The few that loved thee long have passed away,
Thy sacred presence all the landscape fills,
Its groves and plains, and adamantine hills!
Ye who have known the sudden tears that flow,
Sad tears, yet sweet, the dews of twilight woe,—
When led by chance, your wandering eye has crossed
Some poor memorial of the loved and lost,
Bear with my weakness as I look around
On the dear relics of this holy ground,
These bowery cloisters, shadowed and serene,
My dreams have pictured ere mine eyes have seen.
And, oh, forgive me, if the flower I brought,
Droops in my hand beside this burning thought;
The hopes and fears that marked this destined hour,
The chill of doubt, the startled throb of power,
The flush of pride, the trembling glow of shame,
All fade away, and leave my Father's name!

The grace and pathos of this introduction must be felt by every one. It has all the sweetness of

Goldsmith, with more force and less obviousness of thought.

The poem opens with a description of an American spring, equally true to general nature and to the locality where it is written. The truth is so evident in the one case, that we take it for granted in the other. The couplet on the crocus for instance, a couplet so far as I know unmatched in flower painting, gives us most exquisitely expressed an image that meets our eye every March. The "shy turtles ranging their platoons," we never have seen, and probably never shall see, and yet the accuracy of the picture is as clear to us as that of the most familiar flower of our border.

Winter is past; the heart of Nature warms
Beneath the wrecks of unresisted storms;
Doubtful at first, suspected more than seen,
The Southern slopes are fringed with tender green;
On sheltered banks, beneath the dripping eaves,
Spring's earliest nurslings spread their glowing leaves,
Bright with the hues from wider pictures won,
While azure, golden,—drift, or sky or sun:
The snowdrop, bearing on her patient breast
The frozen trophy torn from winter's crest;
The violet, gazing on the arch of blue
Till her own iris wears its deepened hue;
The spendthrift crocus, bursting through the mould
Naked and shivering, with his cup of gold.

Swelled with new life, the darkening elm on high
Prints her thick buds against the spotted sky;
On all her boughs the stately chestnut cleaves
The gummy shroud that wraps her embryo leaves;
The housefly stealing from his narrow grave,
Drugged with the opiate that November gave,
Beats with faint wing against the snowy pane
Or crawls tenacious o'er its lucid plain;
From shaded chinks of lichen-crusted walls
In languid curves the gliding serpent crawls;
The bog's green harper, thawing from his sleep
Twangs a hoarse note and tries a shortened leap;
On floating rails that face the softening noons
The still shy turtles range their dark platoons,
Or toiling, aimless, o'er the mellowing fields,
Trail through the grass their tesselated shields.

At last young April, ever frail and fair,
Wooed by her playmate with the golden hair,
Chased to the margin of receding floods,
O'er the soft meadows starred with opening buds
In tears and blushes sighs herself away
And hides her cheek beneath the flowers of May.

Then the proud tulip lights her beacon blaze,
Her clustering curls the hyacinth displays,
O'er her tall blades the crested fleur-de-lis
Like blue-eyed Pallas towers erect and free,
With yellower flames the lengthened sunshine glows
And love lays bare the passion breathing rose;
Queen of the lake, along its reedy verge
The rival lily hastens to emerge,

Her snowy shoulders glistening as she strips.
Till morn is sultan of her parted lips.

Then bursts the song from every leafy glade
The yielding season's bridal serenade;
Then flash the wings returning summer calls
Through the deep arches of her forest halls;
The blue-bird breathing from his azure plumes,
The fragrance borrowed where the myrtle blooms;
The thrush, poor wanderer, dropping meekly down,
Clad in his remnant of autumnal brown;
The oriole, drifting like a flake of fire,
Rent by the whirlwind from a blazing spire.
The robin jerking his spasmodic throat
Repeats, staccato, his peremptory note;
The crack-brained bobolink courts his crazy mate
Poised on a bulrush tipsy with his weight.
Nay, in his cage the lone canary sings,
Feels the soft air and spreads his idle wings:—
Why dream I here within these caging walls,
Deaf to her voice while blooming Nature calls,
While from Heaven's face the long-drawn shadows roll,
And all its sunshine floods my opening soul!

After this we are introduced to a winter room, delineated with equal taste and fidelity;—the very home of lettered comfort:

Yet in the darksome crypt I left so late,
Whose only altar is its rusted grate,
Sepulchral, rayless, joyless as it seems,
Shamed by the glare of May's refulgent beams,

While the dim seasons dragged their shrouded train
Its paler splendours were not quite in vain.
From these dull bars the cheerful firelight's glow
Streamed through the casement o'er the spectral snow;
Here, while the night-wind wreaked its frantic will
On the loose ocean and the rock-bound hill,
Rent the cracked topsail from its shivering yard,
And rived the oak a thousand storms had scarred,
Fenced by these walls the peaceful taper shone
Nor felt a breath to swerve its trembling cone.

Nor all unblest the mild interior scene
When the red curtain spread its folded screen;
O'er some light task the lonely hours were past,
And the long evening only flew too fast;
Or the wide chair its leathern arms would lend
In genial welcome to some easy friend
Stretched on its bosom with relaxing nerves,
Slow moulding, plastic to its hollow curves;
Perchance indulging, if of generous creed,
In brave Sir Walter's dream-compelling weed.
Or happier still the evening hour would bring
To the round table its expected ring,
And while the punch-bowl's sounding depths were stirred
Its silver cherubs smiling as they heard,
O'er caution's head the blinding hood was flung,
And friendship loosed the jesses of the tongue.

Then follows an enumeration not merely of books but of printers, which, I confess, took me a little by surprise. I knew that wide readers were widely

spread in the United States; and that there was no lack either of ripe scholars or of extensive libraries. I should fully have expected to find such a man as Dr. Holmes amongst the buyers of the best works, ancient and modern, but hardly amongst the collectors of choice editions. That, I confess, did give me a very pleasant astonishment. Woman although I be, I have lived enough with such people to hold them in no small reverence. Ay, and I know the Baskerville Virgil well enough by sight to recognise the wonderful accuracy of the portrait. Is there anything under the sun that Dr. Holmes cannot paint!

Such the warm life this dim retreat has known,
Not quite deserted when its guests were flown;
Nay, filled with friends, an unobtrusive set,
Guiltless of calls and cards and etiquette,
Ready to answer, never known to ask,
Claiming no service, prompt for every task.

On those dark shelves no housewife lore profanes,
O'er his mute files the monarch folio reigns,
A mingled race, the wreck of chance and time,
That talk all tongues and breathe of every clime;
Each knows his place, and each may claim his part
In some quaint corner of his master's heart.
This old Decretal, won from Kloss's hoards,
Thick-leafed, brass-cornered, ribbed with oaken boards,

Stands the gray patriarch of the graver rows,
Its fourth ripe century narrowing to its close;
Not daily conned, but glorious still to view,
With glistening letters wrought in red and blue.
There towers Stagira's all-embracing sage,
The Aldine anchor on his opening page;
There sleep the births of Plato's heavenly mind
In yon dark tome by jealous clasps confined,
"Olim e libris"—(dare I call it mine)
Of Yale's great Head and Killingworth's divine!
In those square sheets the songs of Maro fill
The silvery types of smooth-leafed Baskerville;
High over all, in close compact array,
Their classic wealth the Elzevirs display.
In lower regions of the sacred space
Range the dense volumes of a humbler race;
There grim chirurgeons all their mysteries teach
In spectral pictures or in crabbed speech;
Harvey and Haller, fresh from Nature's page,
Shoulder the dreamers of an earlier age,
Lully and Geber and the learned crew
That loved to talk of all they could not do.
Why count the rest, those names of later days
That many love and all agree to praise?
Or point the titles where a glance may read
The dangerous lines of party or of creed?
Too well perchance the chosen list would show
What few may care and none can claim to know.
Each has his features, whose exterior seal
A brush may copy or a sunbeam steal;
Go to his study—on the nearest shelf
Stands the mosaic portrait of himself.

What though for months the tranquil dust descends,
Whitening the heads of these mine ancient friends.
While the damp offspring of the modern press
Flaunts on my table with its pictured dress;
Not less I love each dull familiar face,
Nor less should miss it from the appointed place.
I snatch the book along whose burning leaves
His scarlet web our wild romancer weaves,
Yet, while proud Hester's fiery pangs I share,
My old Magnalia must be standing *there*."

Such is the opening of the "Astræa." It speaks much for the man whose affluence of intellect could afford such an outpouring for a single occasion, the recitation of one solitary evening; and hardly less for the audience that prompted and welcomed such an effort.

The little book was sent to me among many others by a most kind and talented young friend, to whose unfailing attention I owe pleasure upon pleasure of this high nature. In my answer I expressed the admiration which I so truly felt, and the next packet brought a fresh claim upon my gratitude; a volume of "Dr. Holmes's Collected Poems" of I know not what edition; for as man and as author he commands an immense popularity in Boston, the capital of literature in North America. This volume is enriched with an autograph and a portrait, both eminently characteristic

—the handwriting being clear, free, vigorous, delicate, such a hand as could be written by none but an accomplished gentleman; and the engraving just like the picture which I had painted of him in my own mind. There is a print of Hogarth's, "The Election Ball," full of people with their hats flung into a corner, and it is said of that print that every hat could be adjusted to the figure to which it belonged. Now I feel quite certain that if there were a collection of living authors of all countries, Dr. Holmes's head would be assigned to its right owner; the features and expression, not according to this system or that, but according to that stamp of character and intellect which we all tacitly recognise, belong so entirely to him individually as we see him in his works.

Besides this engraving, the volume contains, together with a good deal of very pleasant occasional poetry, much truth and much beauty. I transcribe some passages full of charity, a quality which, especially in a religious sense, is perhaps rarer than either. The power will speak for itself:

"What is thy creed?" a hundred lips inquire;
"Thou seekest God beneath what Christian spire?"
Nor ask they idly, for uncounted lies
Float upward on the smoke of sacrifice;

When man's first incense rose above the plain,
Of earth's two altars, one was built by Cain!

Uncursed by doubt our earliest creed we take;
We love the precepts for the teacher's sake;
The simple lessons which the nursery taught
Fell soft and stainless on the buds of thought,
And the full blossom owes its fairest hue
To those sweet tear-drops of affection's due.

Too oft the light that led our earlier hours
Fades with the perfume of our cradle flowers;
The clear cold question chills to frozen doubt.
Tired of beliefs we dread to live without.
Oh! then if Reason waver at thy side,
Let humbler memory be thy gentle guide;
Go to thy birthplace, and if faith was there,
Repeat thy father's creed, thy mother's prayer.

Faith loves to lean on Time's destroying arm,
And age, like distance, lends a double charm.
In dim cathedrals, dark with vaulted gloom,
What holy awe invests the saintly tomb!
There Pride will bow, and anxious Care expand,
And creeping Avarice come with open hand;
The gay can weep, the impious can adore
From morn's first glimmerings on the chancel floor
Till dying sunset sheds his crimson stains
Through the faint halos of the irised panes.

Yet there are graves whose rudely-shapen sod
Bears the fresh footprints where the sexton trod;
Graves where the verdure has not dared to shoot,
Where the chance wild-flower has not fixed its root,
Whose slumbering tenants, dead without a name,
The eternal record shall at length proclaim
Pure as the holiest in the long array
Of hooded, mitred or tiaraed clay!

* * * *

Deal meekly, gently with the hopes that guide
The lowliest brother straying from thy side;
If right, they bid thee tremble for thine own,
If wrong, the verdict is for God alone.

What though the champions of thy faith esteem
The sprinkled fountain or baptismal stream;
Shall jealous passions in unseemly strife
Cross their dark weapons o'er the waves of life?

Let my free soul expanding as it can
Leave to his scheme the thoughtful Puritan;
But Calvin's dogma shall my lips decide?
In that stern faith my angel Mary died,
Or ask if Mercy's milder creed can save,
Sweet sister risen from thy new-made grave?

True, the harsh founders of thy church reviled
That ancient faith, the trust of Erin's child;—
Must thou be raking in the crumbled past
For racksand fagots in her teeth to cast?

See from the ashes of Helvetia's pile
The whitened skull of old Servetus smile!

* * * *

Grieve as thou must o'er History's reeking page
Blush for the wrongs that stain thy happier age;
Strive with the wanderer from the better path,
Bearing thy message meekly, not in wrath;
Weep for the frail that err, the weak that fall,
Have thine own faith,—but hope and pray for all

I conclude with the following genial stanzas, worth all the temperance songs in the world, as inculcating temperance. They really form a compendium of the History of New England:

ON LENDING A PUNCH-BOWL.

This ancient silver bowl of mine, it tells of good old times,
Of joyous days, and jolly nights, and merry Christmas chimes;
They were a free and jovial race, but honest, brave and true,
That dipped their ladle in the punch, when this old bowl was new.

A Spanish galleon brought the bar,—so runs the ancient tale,—
'Twas hammered by an Antwerp smith, whose arm was like a flail;

And now and then between the strokes, for fear his strength should fail,
He wiped his brow, and quaffed a cup of good old Flemish ale.

'Twas purchased by an English squire, to please his loving dame,
Who saw the cherubs, and conceived a longing for the same;
And oft, as on the ancient stock, another twig was found,
'Twas filled with caudle, spiced and hot, and handed smoking round.

But changing hands, it reached at length a Puritan divine,
Who used to follow Timothy, and take a little wine,
But hated punch and prelacy; and so it was, perhaps,
He went to Leyden where he found conventicles and schnaps.

And then, of course you know what's next,—it left the Dutchman's shore,
With those that in the May-flower came,—a hundred souls and more,—
Along with all the furniture to fill their new abodes,—
To judge by what is still on hand,—at least a hundred loads.

'Twas on a dreary winter's eve, the night was closing dim,
When old Miles Standish took the bowl, and filled it to the brim;
The little captain stood and stirred the posset with his sword,
And all his sturdy men-at-arms were ranged about the board.

He poured the fiery Hollands in,—the man that never feared,—
He took a long and solemn draught, and wiped his yellow beard,
And one by one the musketeers—the men that fought and prayed—
All drank as 'twere their mother's milk, and not a man afraid.

That night, affrighted from his nest, the screaming eagle flew;
He heard the Pequot's ringing whoop, the soldier's wild halloo;
And there the sachem learned the rule he taught to kith and kin.
"Run from the white man when you find he smells of Hollands gin."

A hundred years, and fifty more, had spread their leaves and snows,
A thousand rubs had flattened down each little cherub's nose,
When once again the bowl was filled, but not in mirth or joy,
'Twas mingled by a mother's hand to cheer her parting boy.

"Drink, John," she said, "'twill do you good,—poor child, you'll never bear
This working in the dismal trench out in the midnight air;
And if,—God bless me!—you were hurt, 'twould keep away the chill."
So John *did* drink,—and well he wrought that night at Bunker's Hill!

I tell you there was generous warmth in good old English cheer;
I tell you 'twas a pleasant thought to bring its symbol here;
'Tis but the fool that loves excess. Hast thou a drunken soul?
The bane is in thy shallow skull, not in my silver bowl!

I love the memory of the past,—its pressed yet fragrant flowers,—
The moss that clothes its broken walls,—the ivy on its towers,—
Nay this poor bauble it bequeathed,—my eyes grow moist and dim
To think of all the vanished joys that danced around its brim.

Then fill a fair and honest cup, and bear it straight to me;
The goblet hallows all it holds, whate'er the liquid be;
And may the cherubs on its face protect me from the sin
That dooms one to those dreadful words—"My dear, where *have* you been?"

Dr. Holmes is still a young man, and one of the most eminent physicians in Boston. He excels in singing his own charming songs, and speaks as well as he writes; and, after reading even the small specimens of his poetry that my space has enabled me to give, my fair readers will not wonder to hear that he is one of the most popular persons in his native city.

He is a small compact little man, (says our

mutual friend,) the delight and ornament of every society that he enters, buzzing about like a bee, or fluttering like a humming-bird, exceedingly difficult to catch unless he be really wanted for some kind act, and then you are sure of him.

III

LETTERS OF AUTHORS.

SAMUEL RICHARDSON.

BESIDES the rich collections of State Papers and Historical Despatches which have been discovered in the different public offices, and the still more curious bundles of family epistles (such as the Paxton correspondence) which are every now and then disinterred from the forgotten repositories of old mansions, there is no branch of literature in which England is more eminent than the letters of celebrated men.

From the moment in which Mason by a happy inspiration made Gray tell his own story, and by dint of his charming letters contrived to produce from the uneventful life of a retired scholar one of

the most attractive books ever printed, almost every biographer of note has followed his example. The lives of Cowper, of Byron, of Scott, of Southey, of Charles Lamb, of Dr. Arnold, works full of interest and of vitality, owe their principal charm to this source. Nay, such is the reality and identity belonging to letters written at the moment and intended only for the eye of a favourite friend, that it is probable that any genuine series of epistles, were the writer ever so little distinguished, would, provided they were truthful and spontaneous, possess the invaluable quality of individuality which so often causes us to linger before an old portrait of which we know no more than that it is a Burgomaster by Rembrandt, or a Venetian Senator by Titian. The least skilful pen when flowing from the fulness of the heart, and untroubled by any misgivings of after publication, shall often paint with as faithful and life-like a touch as either of those great masters.

Of letter-writers by profession we have indeed few, although Horace Walpole bright, fresh, quaint, and glittering as one of his own most precious figures of Dresden china, is a host in himself. But every here and there, scattered in various and unlikely volumes, we meet with detached letters of eminent persons which lead us to wish for more. I remember two or three of David Hume's which form

a case in point: one to Adam Smith, who had asked of him the success of his "Theory of Moral Sentiments," in which he dallies with a charming playfulness with an author's anxiety, withholding, delaying, interrupting himself twenty times, and at last pouring out without stint or measure the favourable reception of the work; and another to Dr. Robertson who appears to have requested his opinion of his style, bantering him on certain Scottish provincialisms, and small pedantries—"*a* historian, indeed! Have you *an* ear?"—mixed with praise so graceful and kindness so genuine, that the most susceptible of vanities could not have taken offence.

Every now and then too we fall upon a long correspondence which the writer's name has caused to be published, but which from a thousand causes is certain to fall into oblivion although containing much that is curious. Such is "The Life and Letters of Samuel Richardson."

I suspect that the works from whence that great name is derived are in this generation little more than a tradition; and that the "Clarissa" and the "Sir Charles Grandison," which together with the "Spectators" formed the staple of our great-grandmother's libraries, find almost as few readers amongst their descendants as the "Grand Cyrus" or "The Princess of Cleves."

As far as "Clarissa" is concerned, great tragedy

as the book unquestionably is, I do not wonder at this. Considering the story and plan of the work, the marvel is rather that mothers should have placed it in their daughters' hands as a sort of manual of virtue, and that at Ranelagh, ladies of the highest character should have held up the new volumes as they came out, to show to their friends that they possessed the book of which all the world were talking, than that it should now be banished from the boudoir and the drawing-room. But as my friend, Sir Charles Grandison, has no other sin to answer for than that of being very long, very tedious, very old-fashioned, and a prig, I cannot help confessing that, in spite of these faults, and perhaps because of them, I think there are worse books printed now-a-days, and hailed with delight amongst critics feminine than the seven volumes that gave such infinite delight to the Beauties of the Court of George the Second.

As pictures of manners I suspect them to be worthless. Richardson was a citizen in an age in which the distinctions of caste were far more strictly observed than now-a-days; and the printer of Salisbury Court even when retired to his villa at North End had seen but little of the brilliant circles which he attempted to describe, and was altogether deficient in the airy grace and bright and glowing fancy which might have supplied the place of expe-

rience. Compared with the comic dramatists, Congreve and Farquhar, who have left us such vivid pictures of the Mirabels and Millamants, the Archers, and Mrs. Sullens of that day, Richardson's portraits are, like himself, stiff, prim, hard, ungainly, awkward. In manners he utterly fails; but in character, in sentiment, and above all in the power of bringing his personages into actual every-day life, he leaves every writer of his time far behind him. Somebody has said of him very happily—so happily that I suppose it must have been Hazlitt,—"that the effect of reading his books is to acquire a vast accession of near relations." And it is true. Grandmothers and grandfathers, uncles, aunts, and cousins multiply upon us; we not only become acquainted with the people, but with their habitations; Selby House and Shirley Manor are as familiar to us as our own dwellings; and we could find our way to the cedar-parlour blindfold.

It was a cause or a consequence of Richardson's popularity that he lived amongst a perfect flower-garden of young ladies, feeding upon their praises, always a dangerous diet for authors, and talking and writing of little else than his different works. His own family consisted of three daughters of whom (although his domestic character stands very high) we hear little, whilst of Miss Highmore, Miss Mulso, Miss Westcomb, the Miss Fieldings, and

the Miss Colliers, and their several lovers we hear a great deal. There is even a coloured engraving, curiously inartistic, representing Richardson a smug and comely little old man sitting in the summer-house which he called his grotto, reading his manuscript to a party of three fair damsels and their future husbands.

The lady who seems to have interested him most, whose letters with his rejoinders do actually fill a volume and a half of the six of which the collection consists, and might easily the editor says have been extended to six more, is a certain Lady Bradshaigh, the wife of Sir Roger Bradshaigh of the Haigh, Lancashire, who wrote to him first under the feigned name of Balfour, and continued to address him under that appellation for a considerable time.

The occasion of her first letter, was the suspense in which the admirers of "Clarissa" were left as to her fate, by the publication of the work in separate portions and at lengthened intervals. The story of the book may be told in very few words. It consists of the betrayal of the heroine by her lover, a libertine, drawn with admirable spirit and skill, and endowed with so many fine qualities of person and intellect, that many of the author's friends implored as if they had been real persons for the reformation of Lovelace and the happiness of his fair mistress.

Upon this hint spoke Lady Bradshaigh; and her

earnestness and pertinacity is really a thing to wonder at. She sank upon her knees, she begged, she reasoned, she threatened, she stormed. There was not a weapon in the female armoury that she did not force into her service, and her ardour and fervency give so much eloquence to her pleadings that she has considerably the best of the dispute; chiefly because Richardson had not honesty enough to tell her the real cause of his resolution to bring the story to a tragic end, which was of course its artistic effect; but entrenched himself in all sorts of pitiful evasions and false moralities instead of saying frankly that a happy conclusion would have spoilt the book. The author was obdurate and the lady disappointed; nevertheless the correspondence continued, and one of the most amusing and characteristic episodes in these six volumes is the story of a journey which Lady Bradshaigh took to London, and of her introduction to her unknown correspondent.

The great novelist was at this time in his sixtieth year, and the fair lady, a buxom country dame, might be some ten or fifteen years his junior (N. B. I have remarked it as a singular circumstance that we never can ascertain a lady's age, even if, as in this case, she have been dead these hundred years, with the same absolute accuracy with which we can verify a gentleman's baptismal registry:) and whe-

ther from shyness or from pure coquetry she (still as Mrs. Balfour) makes an appointment to meet him in the Park, requesting from him a description by which he may be recognised. He sends her the following:

"Short, rather plump, about five feet five inches, fair wig, one hand generally in his bosom, the other a cane in it, which he leans upon under the skirts of his coat, that it may imperceptibly serve him as a support when attacked by sudden tremors or dizziness, of a light brown complexion, teeth not yet failing him."

What follows is very characteristic:

"Looking directly foreright as passengers would imagine, but observing all that stirs on either hand of him, without moving his short neck; a regular even pace stealing away ground rather than seeming to rid it; a grey eye too often overclouded by mistiness from the head; by chance lively, very lively if he sees any he loves; if he approaches a lady his eye is never fixed first on her face but on her feet and rears it up by degrees, seeming to set her down as so-and-so."

She actually did know him by this portrait; but had the cruelty to keep him parading up and down while she surveyed him at her leisure, and went away without declaring herself. This is her own account of the matter:

"Well, Sir, my curiosity is satisfied as to the distant view. I passed you four times last Saturday in the Park; knew you by your own description at least three hundred yards off, walking between the trees and the Mall; and had an opportunity of surveying you unobserved, your eyes being engaged among the multitude looking as I knew for a certain will-o'-the-wisp, who I have a notion escaped being known to you, though not your notice, for you looked at me every time I passed! but I put on so unconcerned a countenance that I am almost sure I deceived you. * * * O that this first meeting was over!

"Shall I tell you, Sir, what it puts me in mind of? When I was very young I had a mind to bathe in a cold bath. When I came to the edge, I tried it first with one hand then with the other. In the same manner my feet; drew them back again; ventured to my ankles, then drew back. But having a strong inclination to go farther (being very sure I should like it were the first shock over) I at last took a resolution and plunged at once over head and ears; and as I imagined was delighted; so that I only repented I had not before found courage to execute what gave me so much pleasure."

Still however the lady coquets and the gentleman becomes a little angry; after some repetition of his grievances, he continues:

"Yet I resolved to try my fortune on Saturday in the Park in my way to North End. The day indeed, thought I, is not promising; but where so great an earnestness is professed and the lady possibly by this time made acquainted with the disappointment she has given me, who knows but she will be carried in a chair to the Park, to make me amends and there reveal herself. Three different chairs at different times saw I. My hope therefore not so very much out of the way; but in none of them the lady I wished to see. Up the Mall walked I, down the Mall and up again in my way to North End. O this dear will-o'-the-wisp, thought I! When nearest farthest off! Why should I at this time of life! And all the spiteful things I could think of I muttered to myself. And how, Madam, am I to banish them from my memory when I see you so very careful to conceal yourself; when I see you so very apprehensive of my curiosity, and so little confiding in my generosity? O Madam! you know me not! You will not know me!"

And so they go on, the gentleman remonstrating, the lady holding back through fifty pages of letter-press—more or less; and when their cross-purposes would have ended there is no divining, had not Lady Bradshaigh gone to Mr. Highmore's to view a portrait of her unknown friend, where enough

transpired to suggest to the painter, who knew of the correspondence, that he was talking to the person who had so mystified the unlucky author. He discovered that the gentleman who escorted her was of Lancashire, and called Sir Roger; his servant heard the surname from the coachman, and was positive that it began with a B; and after so much had been done in the way of detection the fair delinquent avowed herself, and the game of hide and seek was fairly over. Let it be added, that in spite of all this nonsense, Lady Bradshaigh was a warm-hearted and well-conducted woman, and that her devotion to the writer of her idolatry ended only with his life.

I have said that Richardson's correspondents were almost exclusively feminine, although there are a few letters from Dr. Young, Colley Cibber, Aaron Hill, and others of that class, and one note from Dr. Johnson, whom our printer, familiar with kind and generous actions, had had the honour to bail. These female correspondents all, with one exception, bear out an opinion which I have long ventured to entertain of the general inferiority of women's letters. For the truth of which I would only appeal to the collections of such as are most celebrated in that line from the over-rated Lady Mary Wortley Montagu down to Anna Seward. Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Delany, Mrs. Vesey, Miss

Talbot, Miss Bowdler, Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, Mrs. Hannah More—what are they? There is to be sure one great exception in general literature—for Madame de Sévigné is, perhaps, the most delightful letter-writer who ever put pen to paper. And there is another exception, also a foreigner, in this collection —an exception all the more charming because foreign, for the German idiom undoubtedly adds grace and freshness to the sweet simplicity of Mrs. Klopstock's communications. I need not apologise for transcribing them all. Would that she had been spared to write more!

"Hamburg, November 29th, 1750.

"Honoured Sir,

"Will you permit me to take this opportunity, in sending a letter to Dr. Young, to address myself to you? It is very long ago that I wished to do it. Having finished your "Clarissa" (oh, the heavenly book!) I could have prayed you to write the history of a manly Clarissa, but I had not courage enough at that time. I should have it no more to-day, as this is only my first English letter —but I have it! It may be because I am now Klopstock's wife (I believe you know my husband by Mr. Hohorst), and then I was only the single young girl. You have since written the manly

Clarissa without my prayer. Oh, you have done it to the great joy and thanks of all your happy readers! Now you can write no more, you must write the history of an angel.

"Poor Hohorst! he is gone. Not killed in the battle (he was present at two), but by the fever. The Hungarian hussars have taken your works with our letters, and all what he was worth, a little time before his death. But the King of Prussia recompensed him with a company of cavalry. Poor friend! he did not long enjoy it.

"He has made me acquainted with all your lovely daughters. I kiss them all with my best sisterly kiss; but especially Mrs. Martha, of whom he says that she writes as her father. Tell her in my name, dear Sir, if this be true that it is an affair of conscience not to let print her writings. Though I am otherwise of that sentiment, that a woman who writes not thus, or as Mrs. Rowe, should never let print her works. Will you pardon me this first long letter, Sir? Will you tell me if I shall write a second? I am, honoured Sir, your most humble servant,

"M. Klopstock."

"Hamburg, March 14th, 1758.

"You are very kind, Sir, to wish to know everything of your Hamburg kindred. Then I will

obey, and speak of nothing but myself in this letter.

"You will know all what concerns me. Love, dear Sir, is all what me concerns. And love shall be all what I will tell you in this letter.

"In one happy night I read my husband's poem, 'The Messiah.' I was extremely touched with it. The next day I asked one of his friends who was the author of this poem? and this was the first time I heard Klopstock's name. I believe I fell immediately in love with him. At the least my thoughts were ever with him filled, especially because his friend told me very much of his character. But I had no hopes ever to see him, when quite unexpectedly I heard that he should pass through Hamburg. I wrote immediately to the same friend, for procuring by his means that I might see the author of 'The Messiah' when in Hamburg. He told him that a certain girl at Hamburg wished to see him, and for all recommendation showed him some letters in which I made bold to criticise Klopstock's verses. Klopstock came, and came to me. I must confess that though greatly prepossessed of his qualities, I never thought him the amiable youth whom I found him. This made its effect. After having seen him two hours, I was obliged to pass the evening in a company which never had been so wearisome to me. I could not

speak; I could not play; I thought, I saw nothing but Klopstcok. I saw him the next day and the following, and we were very seriously friends. But the fourth day he departed. It was a strong hour the hour of his departure. He wrote soon after; and from that time our correspondence began to be a very diligent one. I sincerely believed my love to be friendship. I spoke with my friends of nothing but Klopstock, and showed his letters. They rallied at me, and said I was in love. I rallied them again, and said that they must have a very friendshipless heart, if they had no idea of friendship to a man as well as to a woman. Thus it continued for eight months, in which time my friends found as much love in Klopstock's letters as in me. I perceived it likewise, but I would not believe it. At the last Klopstock said plainly that he loved; and I startled as for a wrong thing. I answered that it was no love but friendship, as it was what I felt for him; we had not seen one another enough to love (as if love must have more time than friendship)! This was sincerely my meaning, and I had this meaning till Klopstock came again to Hamburg. This he did a year after we had seen one another the first time. We saw we were friends; we loved, and we believed that we loved; and a short time after I could even tell Klopstock that I loved. But we were obliged to part

again and wait two years for our wedding. My mother would not let marry me a stranger. I could marry then without her consentment, as by the death of my father my fortune depended not on her. But this was a horrible idea for me, and thank Heaven that I have prevailed by prayers! At this time, knowing Klopstock, she loves him as her lifely son, and thanks God that she has not persisted. We married, and I am the happiest wife in the world. In some few months it will be four years that I am so happy, and still I dote upon Klopstock as if he was my bridegroom.

"If you knew my husband, you would not wonder. If you knew his poem I could describe him very briefly, by saying he is in all respects what he is as a poet. This I can say with all wifely modesty. But I dare not to speak of my husband; I am all raptures when I do it. And as happy as I am in love, so happy am I in friendship in my mother, two elder sisters, and five other women. How rich I am!

"Sir, you have willed that I should speak of myself, but I fear I have done it too much. Yet you see how it interests me.

"I am, Sir, &c. &c. &c."

"Hamburg, May 6th, 1758.

"It is not possible, Sir, to tell you what a joy

your letters give me. My heart is very able to esteem the favour, that you in your venerable age are so condescending good to answer so soon the letters of an unknown young woman, who has no other merit than a heart full of friendship, though at so many miles of distance.

"It will be a delightful occupation for me, my dear Mrs. Richardson, to make you more acquainted with my husband's poem. Nobody can do it better than I, being the person who knows the most of that which is not yet published; being always present at the birth of the young verses, which begin always by fragments here and there of a subject of which his soul is just then filled. He has many great fragments of the whole work ready. You may think that two people, who love as we do, have no need of two chambers. We are always in the same. I, with my little work, still, still, only regarding my husband's sweet face, which is so venerable at that time! with tears of devotion and all the sublimity of the subject. My husband reading me his young verses and suffering my criticisms. Ten books are published, which I think probably the middle of the whole. I will as soon as I can, translate you the arguments of these ten books, and what besides I think of them. The verses of the poem are without rhymes, and are

hexameters, which sort of verses my husband has been the first to introduce in our language; we being still closely attached to the rhymes and iambics.

"And our dear Dr. Young has been so ill? But he is better, I thank God along with you. And you, my dear, dear friend, have not hope of cure of a severe nervous malady? How I trembled as I read it! I pray God to give to you at the least patience and alleviation. Though I can read very well your handwriting, you shall write no more if it is incommodious to you. Be so good to dictate only to Mrs. Patty; it will be very agreeable to me to have so amiable a correspondent. And then I will still more than now preserve the two of your own handwriting as treasures.

"I am very glad, Sir, that you will take my English as it is. I knew very well that it may not always be English, but I thought for you it was intelligible. My husband asked me, as I was writing my first letter, if I would not write in French? 'No,' said I, 'I will not write in this pretty but *fade* language to Mr. Richardson' (though so polite, so cultivated and no longer *fade* in the mouth of a Bossuet). As far as I know, neither we nor you nor the Italians have the word *fade*. How have the French found this characteristic word for their nation? Our German tongue, which only begins

to be cultivated, has much more conformity with the English than the French.

"I wish, Sir, I could fulfil your request of bringing you acquainted with so many good people as you think of. Though I love my friends dearly, and though they are good, I have however much to pardon, except in the single Klopstock alone. *He* is good, really good, good at the bottom—in all the foldings of his heart. I know him; and sometimes I think if we knew others in the same manner, the better we should find them. For it may be that an action displeases us which would please us, if we knew its true aim and whole extent. No one of my friends is so happy as I am; but no one has had courage to marry as I did. They have married as people marry; and they are happy as people are happy. Only one, as I may say my dearest friend, is unhappy, though she had as good a purpose as I myself. She has married in my absence; but had I been present, I might, it may be, have been mistaken in her husband as well as she.

"How long a letter is this again! But I can write no short ones to you. Compliments from my husband, &c. &c.

"Hamburg, August 27th, 1758.

"Why think you, dear Sir, that I answer so late? I will tell you my reasons. But before all, how

does Miss Patty, and how do yourself? Have not you guessed that I, summing up all my happinesses, and not speaking of children, had none? Yes, Sir, this has been my only wish ungratified for these four years. I have been more than once unhappy with disappointments: but yet thanks, thanks to God, I am in full hope to be mother in the month of November. The little preparations for my child and child-bed (and they are so dear to me) have taken so much time that I could not answer your letter, nor give the promised scenes of 'The Messiah.' This is likewise the reason why I am still here, for properly we dwell in Copenhagen. Our staying here is only a visit (but a long one) which we pay my family. I not being able to travel yet, my husband has been obliged to make a little voyage alone to Copenhagen! He is absent—a cloud over my happiness! He will soon return.—But what does that help? He is yet equally absent!—We write to each other every post—but what are letters to presence?—But I will speak no more of this little cloud; I will only tell my happiness! But I cannot tell how I rejoice! A son of my dear Klopstock! Oh, when shall I have him? It is long since I have made the remark, that geniuses do not engender geniuses. No children at all, bad sons, or at the most lovely daughters like you and Milton. But a daughter or a son only, with a good

heart without genius, I will nevertheless love dearly.

"I think that about this time a nephew of mine will wait on you. His name is *Winlhem*, a young rich merchant, who has no bad qualities, and several good, which he has still to cultivate. His mother was I think twenty years older than I, but we other children loved her dearly like a mother. She had an excellent character, but is long since dead.

"This is no letter but only a newspaper of your Hamburg daughter. When I have my husband and my child I will write you more (if God gives me health and life). You will think that I shall not be a mother only but a nurse also; though the latter (thank God that the former is not so too) is quite against fashion and good breeding, and though nobody can think it possible to be always with the child at home!

"M. KLOPSTOCK."

This was the last letter from this sweet creature. The next in the series is from a different hand.

"Hanover, December 21st, 1758.

"Honoured Sir,

"As perhaps you do not know that one of your

fair correspondents, Mrs. Klopstock, died in a very dreadful manner, in child-bed, I think myself obliged to acquaint you with this most melancholy accident.

"Mr. Klopstock, in the first motion of his affliction, composed an ode to God Almighty, which I have not yet seen, but I hope to get by-and-by.

"I shall esteem myself highly favoured by a line or two from any of your family, for I presume you sometimes kindly remember

"Your most humble servant,

"And great admirer,

"L. L. G. Major."

A subsequent letter contradicts the fact of the ode's being composed at this time. But a comparison of the dates of Mr. Major's communication and of Mrs. Klopstock's last interesting letter, still brings this poetising a great calamity far too near the time of its occurrence, to be satisfactory to those who have read and sympathised with the quick feelings of the devoted wife. It is pleasanter to remember that Klopstock never married again, till, in his old age, a few years before his death, he had the cere-

mony performed between himself and a kinswoman, who lived with him, in order to entitle her, as his widow, to the pensions he enjoyed from different Courts.

VI.

FINE SINGLE POEMS.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, &c.

NOTHING seems stranger amidst the strange fluctuations of popularity, than the way in which the songs and shorter poems of the most eminent writers occasionally pass from the highest vogue into the most complete oblivion, and are at once forgotten as if they had never been. Scott's spirited ballad, "The Bonnets of Bonnie Dundee," is a case in point. Several persons (amongst the rest Mrs. Hughes, the valued friend of the author) have complained to me, not only that it is not included amongst Sir Walter's ballads, but that they were unable to discover it elsewhere. Upon mentioning this to another dear friend of mine, the man who, of all whom I have

known, has the keenest scent for literary game, and is the most certain to discover a lost poem, he threw himself upon the track, and failing to obtain a printed copy, succeeded in procuring one in manuscript, taken down from the lips of a veteran vocalist; not, as I should judge, from his recitation, but from his singing, for it is no uncommon thing with singers to be unable to divorce the sense from the sound, so that you must have the music with the words, or go without them altogether.

At all events this transcript is a curiosity. The whole ballad is written as if it were prose: no capital at the beginning of the lines; no break, as indicated by the rhyme, at the conclusion; no division between the stanzas. All these ceremonies are cast aside, with a bold contempt for vulgar usages, and the entire song thrown into one long paragraph. I think it is Cowper who wrote a rhyming letter upon the same principle; but the jingle being more obtrusive, and the chorus a wanting, the effect of the intentional pleasantry is far less ludicrous than that produced by this unconscious and graver error.

I endeavoured to restore the natural divisions of the verse; and having since discovered a printed copy, buried in the Doom of Devorgoil, where of course nobody looked for it, I am delighted to transfer to my pages one of the most spirited and characteristic ballads ever written.

To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claverhouse who spoke,
Ere the king's crown shall fall there are crowns to be broke;
So let each cavalier who loves honour and me,
Come follow the bonnets of Bonny Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle your horses, and call up your men;
Come open the westport and let us gang free,
And its room for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee!

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
The bells are rung backward, the drums they are beat;
But the Provost douce man, said, "Just e'en let him be,
The Gude Town is weel quit of that Deil of Dundee!"
Come fill up the cup, &c.

As he rode down the sanctified bends of the Bow
Ilk carline was flyting and shaking her pow;
But the young plants of grace they looked cowthie and slee,
Thinking luck to thy bonnet, thou Bonny Dundee!
Come fill up my cup, &c.

With sour-featured Whigs the Grass-market was thranged
As if half the West had set tryst to be hanged;
There was spite in each look, there was fear in each e'e,
As they watched for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, &c.

These cowls of Kilmarnock had spits and had spears,
And lang-hafted gullies to kill cavaliers;

But they shrunk to close-heads, and the causeway was free
At the toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, &c.

He spurred to the foot of the proud castle rock,
And with the gay Gordon he gallantly spoke;
"Let Mons Meg and her marrows speak twa words or three
For the love of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee."
Come fill up my cup, &c.

The Gordon demands of him which way he goes—
"Where'er shall direct me the shade of Montrose!
Your Grace in short space shall hear tidings of me
Or that low lies the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, &c.

"There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands beyond Forth,
If there's lords in the Lowlands, there's chiefs in the North,
There are wild Duniewassals three thousand times three
Will cry 'Hoigh!' for the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, &c.

"There's brass on the target of barkened bull-hide,
There's steel in the scabbard that dangles beside;
The brass shall be burnished, the steel shall flash free
At a toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, &c.

"Away to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks,—
Ere I own an usurper I'll crouch with the fox;

And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of your glee
You have not seen the last of my bonnet and me."
Come fill up my cup, &c.

He waved his proud hand, and the trumpets were blown,
The kettle drums, clashed, and the horsemen rode on,
Till on Ravelston's cliffs and on Clermiston's lea
Died away the wild war-notes of Bonny Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle the horses, and call up the men,
Come open your gates, and let me gae free,
For it's up with the bonnets of Bonny Dundee!

There are abundant indications that the "Bonnets of Bonny Dundee" was a favourite with its illustrious writer. The following song, from "The Pirate," is interesting, not merely from its own merit, but from an anecdote related by Mr. Lockhart. When on a tour in the North of England, it was sung to Sir Walter as set by Mrs. Robert Arkwright. "Beautiful words," observed he; "Byron's of course." He was much shocked when undeceived.

The stanzas themselves are deeply touching. They form part of a serenade, sung by Cleveland under Minna's window, when compelled to return to his ship.

Farewell! farewell! the voice you hear
Has left its last soft tone with you;

Its next must join the seaward cheer,
And shout among the shouting crew.

The accents which I scarce could form,
Beneath your frown's controlling check,
Must give the word above the storm
To cut the mast and clear the wreck.

The timid eye I dared not raise,
The hand that shook when pressed to thine,
Must point the guns upon the chase,
Must bid the deadly cutlass shine.

To all I love or hope or fear
Honour or own a long adieu!
To all that life has soft and dear
Farewell! save memory of you!

These lines have much of the flow peculiar to Lord Byron, and were therefore perhaps selected as adapted to her purpose by their accomplished composer. In general, musical people say that Sir Walter Scott's songs are ill suited to music, difficult to set, difficult to sing. One cannot help suspecting that the fault rests with the music, that cannot blend itself with such poetry. Where in our language shall we find more delicious melody than in "County Guy?" The rhythm of the verse rivals the fancy of the imagery and the tenderness of the thought.

Ah! County Guy, the hour is nigh,
The sun has left the lea;
The orange flower perfumes the bower,
The breeze is on the sea.
The lark his lay who trilled all day,
Sits hushed his partner nigh;
Bee, bird and bower confess the hour:—
But where is County Guy?

The village maid steals through the shade
Her shepherd's suit to hear
To beauty shy by lattice high,
Sings high-born cavalier.
The star of love, all stars above,
Now reigns o'er earth and sky;
And high and low the influence know:—
But where is County Guy?

This little poem can hardly be surpassed; but here are two others, one by the late, and one by the present Laureate, worthy to be printed on the same page.

LUCY.

She dwelt among the untrodden ways,
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye;

Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and oh,
The difference to me!

Mr. Tennyson's delicious song, published only in the later editions of "The Princess," is less generally known.

The splendour falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes
And the wild cataract leaps in glory:
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle, answer echoes, dying, dying, dying.

Oh, hark! oh hear! how thin and clear
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
Oh! sweet and far, from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing.
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying,
Blow, bugle, answer echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die on yon rich sky,
They faint on hill, on field, on river;
Our echoes roll from soul to soul
And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

It is like a descent from Fairyland to the wild stormy ocean, to turn from the dying falls of Mr. Tennyson's stanzas to the homely sea-song of Allan Cunningham. And yet that sea-song has high merit; it resembles the bold, stalwart form, the free and generous spirit of the author, one of the noblest specimens of the Scottish peasant, elevated into a superior rank, as much by conduct and character, as by talent and industry.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and swelling sail,
And bends the gallant mast:
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lea.

"Oh for a soft and gentle wind!"
I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the snoring breeze
And white waves heaving high!
And white waves heaving high, my boys,
The good ship light and free;
The world of waters is our home
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hornëd moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;

And hark! the music mariners
The wind is piping loud!
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashing free;
Whilst the hollow oak our palace is
Our heritage the sea!

One of the most charming of English song writers, happily still spared to us, is he who, under the name of Barry Cornwall, has given so many fine lyrics to our language. What can be more spirited than this Bacchanalian Song?

Sing!—who sings
To her who weareth a hundred rings?
Ah, who is this lady fine?
The Vine, boys, the Vine!
The mother of mighty wine.
A roamer is she
O'er wall and tree,
And sometimes very good company.

Drink!—who drinks
To her who blusheth and never thinks?
Ah, who is this maid of mine?
The Grape, boys, the Grape!
Oh never let her escape
Until she be turned to wine.
For better is she
Than Vine can be,
And very, very good company.

Dream!—who dreams
Of the God that governs a thousand streams?
Ah, who is this spirit fine?
'Tis Wine, boys, 'tis Wine!
God Bacchus, a friend of mine.
Oh better is he
Than grape or tree,
And the best of all good company.

I cannot resist the temptation of adding to the stanzas of the living poet one from him who can never die.

SONG.—FROM "ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA."

Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne,
In thy vats our cares be drowned;
With thy grapes our hairs be crowned;
Cup us till the world go round;
Cup us till the world go round.

Of Thomas Hood's four great lyrical poems, the greatest is "The Bridge of Sighs;" it is one gush of tenderness and charity.

One more unfortunate
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate
Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young and so fair!

Look at her garments,
Clinging like cerements;
While the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly
Loving not loathing.

Touch her not scornfully;
Think of her mournfully
Gently and humanly;
Not of the stains of her:
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny
Rash and undutiful;
Past all dishonour,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still for all slips of hers
One of Eve's family,
Wipe those poor lips of hers
Oozing so clammily.

Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb;
Her fair auburn tresses:
While wonderment guesses
Where was her home.

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other?

Alas for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
Oh! it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly
Feelings had changed.
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence;
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver,
So far in the river,

With a many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood with amazement
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver,
But not the dark arch
Or the black flowing river:
Mad from life's history
Glad to death's mystery
Swift to be hurled;
Anywhere, anywhere
Out of the world.

In she plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly,
The rough river ran;
Over the brink of it
Picture it, think of it
Dissolute man!
Lave in it, drink of it
Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young and so fair!

Ere her limbs frigidly
Stiffen so rigidly,
Decently, kindly,
Smooth and compose them;
And her eyes close them,
Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring
Through muddy impurity,
As when the daring
Last look of despairing
Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurned by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest;
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behaviour,
And leaving with meekness
Her sins to her Saviour!

Perhaps the best companion—companion in con-

trast—to "The Bridge of Sighs," is Coleridge' "Genevieve!" -

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay
Beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine stealing o'er the scene
Had blended with the lights of eve,
And she was there my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve.

She leant against the armèd man,
The statue of the armèd knight,
She stood and listened to my lay
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope! my joy! my Genevieve!
She loves me best whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air
I sang an old and moving story—
An old rude song, that suited well
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
For well she knew I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand,
And that for ten long years he wooed
The Lady of the Land:

I told her how he pined—and oh!
The deep the low the pleading tone
With which I told another's love,
Interpreted my own!

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
And she forgave me, that I gazed
Too fondly on her face.

But when I told the cruel scorn
That crazed that bold and lonely knight,
And how he crossed the mountain wood
Nor rested day or night;

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once
In green and sunny glade,

There came and looked him in the face
An angel beautiful and bright,
And that he knew it was a fiend
This miserable knight;

And that, unknowing what he did,
He leapt among a murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than death
The Lady of the Land;

And how she wept, and clasped his knees,
And how she tended him in vain,
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his brain;

And how she nursed him in a cave,
And how his madness went away
When on the yellow forest leaves
A dying man he lay;

His dying words—But when I reached
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice and pausing harp
Disturbed her soul with pity.

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve
The music, and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng
And gentle wishes long subdued
Subdued and cherished long!

She wept with pity and delight
She blushed with love and virgin shame
And like the murmur of a dream
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved, she stept aside,
As conscious of my look she stept,
Then suddenly with timorous eye
She fled to me and wept.

She half enclosed me with her arms,
She pressed me in a meek embrace;
And bending back her head, looked up
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel than see
The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride;
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous bride.

How charmingly Milton has fitted his verse to his subject in the "Song on May Morning."

Now the bright Morning Star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
Hail, bounteous May! that dost inspire
Mirth and youth and warm desire;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale can boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee and wish thee long.

The wild and desolate stanzas, supposed to be suggested by an equally wild and desolate landscape in Alton Locke, are very touching. I am a neighbour of Mr. Kingsley's now; if I live to write another book I hope to be privileged to call myself his friend.

"O Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands o' Dee;"
The western wind was wild and dank wi' foam,
And all alone went she.

The creeping tide came up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see;
The blinding mist came down and hid the land—
And never home came she.

"Oh, is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—
A tress o' golden hair,
O' drowned maiden's hair,
Above the nets at sea?
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair,
Among the stakes on Dee."

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel crawling foam,
The cruel hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea;
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home
Across the sands o' Dee.

Another poem, quite as desolate and far more painful, inasmuch as the tale of suffering is reflected back upon the author, is "The Castaway," the last verses that poor Cowper ever wrote. Every one knows that the terrible gloom which overshadowed that fine mind arose from insanity; and I know a story of madness amongst his near friends, and I believe also his blood relations, almost as affecting.

In early youth I was well acquainted with two old ladies, Mrs. Theodosia and Frances Hill, sisters to the "Joe Hill," the favourite and constant friend, who figures so frequently in Cowper's correspondence. These excellent persons lived at Reading, and were conspicuous through the town for their peculiarities of dress and appearance. Shortest and smallest of women, they adhered to the costume of fifty years before, and were never seen without the high lappeted caps, the enormous hoops, brocaded gowns, ruffles, aprons, and furbelows of our grandmothers. They tottered along upon high-heeled shoes, and flirted fans emblazoned with the history of Pamela. Nevertheless such was the respect commanded by their thorough gentility, their benevolence and their courtesy, that the very boys in the streets forgot to laugh at women so blameless and so kind. An old housekeeper, who had been their waiting-maid for half a lifetime, partook of their popularity. Their brother and his wife inhabited a beautiful place in the neighbourhood (afterwards bequeathed to the celebrated Whiggish wit, Joseph Jekyl), and until the sisters approached the age of eighty, nothing could be smoother than the current of their calm and virtuous life. At that period Mrs. Theodosia, the elder, sank into imbecility, and Mrs. Frances, a woman of considerable ability and feeling, broke all at once into incurable madness. Both were pronounced to be harmless,

and were left in their own house, with two or three female servants, under the care of the favourite attendant who had lived with them so long. For a considerable time no change took place; but one cold winter day, their faithful nurse left her younger charge sitting quietly by the parlour fire, and had not been gone many minutes, before she was recalled by sudden screams, and found the poor maniac enveloped in flames. It was supposed that she had held her cambric handkerchief to air within the fire-guard, and had thus ignited her apron and other parts of her dress. The old servant, with a true woman's courage, caught her in her arms, and was so fearfully burnt in the vain endeavour to extinguish the flames, that she expired even before her mistress, who lingered many days in dreadful agony, but without any return of recollection. The surviving sister, happily unconscious of the catastrophe, died at last of mere old age. This tragedy occurred not many years after the death of Cowper.

THE CASTAWAY.

Obscurest night involved the sky;
The Atlantic billows roared,
When such a destined wretch as I
Washed headlong from on board,
Of friends, of hope, of all bereft,
His floating home for ever left.

No braver chief could Albion boast
  Than he with whom he went,
Nor ever ship left Albion's coast
  With warmer wishes sent.
He loved them both, but both in vain,
Nor him beheld nor her again.

Not long beneath the whelming brine
  Expert to swim he lay;
Nor soon he felt his strength decline,
  Or courage die away;
He waged with death a lasting strife,
Supported by despair of life.

He shouted: nor his friends had failed
  To check the vessel's course,
But so the furious blast prevailed
  That, pitiless perforce,
They left their outcast mate behind
And scudded still before the wind.

Some succour yet they could afford
  And such as storms allow
The cask, the coop, the floated cord,
  Delayed not to bestow.
But he, they knew, nor ship nor shore
Whate'er they gave should visit more.

Nor, cruel as it seemed, could he
  Their haste himself condemn,
Aware that flight in such a sea
  Alone could rescue them;
Yet bitter felt it still to die
Deserted and his friends so nigh.

He long survives who lives an hour
  In ocean self-upheld:
And so long he with unspent power
  His destiny repelled;
And ever as the minutes flew
Entreated help, or cried Adieu!

At length his transient respite past
  His comrades, who before
Had heard his voice in every blast,
  Could catch the sound no more.
For then, by toil subdued, he drank
The stifling wave, and then he sank.

No poet wept him; but the page
  Of narrative sincere
That tells his name, his worth, his age,
  Is wet with Anson's tear;
And tears by bards or heroes shed
Alike immortalize the dead.

I therefore purpose not or dream,
  Descanting on his fate,
To give the melancholy theme
  A more enduring date.
But misery still delights to trace
Its semblance in another's case.

No voice divine the storm allayed,
  No light propitious shone;
When snatched from all effectual aid
  We perished each alone;
But I beneath a rougher sea
And whelmed in deeper gulphs than he.

Very different, yet scarcely less melancholy, was the destiny of the writer of the following sonnet, called by Coleridge the finest in our language. Most remarkable it undoubtedly is, not merely for the grandeur of the thought, but for the beauty of the execution. In reading these lines, it is difficult to believe that the author (Blanco White) was not only born and educated in Spain, but wrote English very imperfectly until he was turned of thirty.

TO NIGHT.

Mysterious Night! when our first parent knew
  Thee from report divine and heard thy name,

Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame
Hesperus with the host of Heaven came
And, lo! creation widened in man's view.

Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find
Whilst fly and leaf and insect stood revealed
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind!
Why do we then shun death with anxious strife?
If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life?

Most different again is the following quaint sonnet, taken from a series of sixty-three, all addressed to his mistress, and called by Drayton "Ideas." The turn of the language is exceedingly dramatic.

Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part!
Nay, I have done; you get no more of me;
And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart,
That thus so clearly I myself can free.
Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows,
And when we meet at any time again
Be it not seen on either of our brows
That we one jot of former love retain.
Now at the last gasp of love's latest breath,
When his pulse failing Passion speechless lies,
When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And Innocence is closing up his eyes;

Now if thou would'st, when all have given him over
From death to life thou might'st him yet recover.

The concluding poem of this paper, although in a very different style, resembles its companions in the one grand quality of being amongst the best, if not the very best, of its class, at the least a great promise. That promise has been amply redeemed. A singular honour befell our English Apollo, that of being recited at the foot of the statue (then still in the Louvre), by no less a person than Mrs. Siddons herself. The grace and harmony of the verse are worthy of such a distinction.

THE BELVIDERE APOLLO.

An Oxford Prize Poem.

Heard ye the arrow hurtle in the sky?
Heard ye the dragon monster's deathful cry?
In settled majesty of fierce disdain,
Proud of his might, yet scornful of the slain,
The heavenly archer stands;—no human birth,
No perishable denizen of earth;
Youth blooms immortal in his beardless face,
A god in strength with more than godlike grace;
All, all divine,—no struggling muscle glows,
Through heaving vein no mantling life blood flows,

But animate with deity alone,
In deathless glory lives the breathing stone.

Bright kindling with a conqueror's stern delight,
His keen eye tracks the arrow's fateful flight;
Burns his indignant cheek with vengeful fire,
And his lip quivers with insulting ire:
Firm fixed his tread, yet light, as when on high
He walks the impalpable and pathless sky:
The rich luxuriance of his hair, confined
In graceful ringlets, wantons on the wind
That lifts in sport his mantle's drooping fold,
Proud to display that form of faultless mould.

Mighty Ephesian! with an eagle's flight
Thy proud soul mounted through the fields of light,
Viewed the bright concave of Heaven's blest abode
And the cold marble leapt to life a God:
Contagious awe through breathless myriads ran
And nations bowed before the work of man.
For mild he seemed as in Elysian bowers
Wasting in careless ease the joyous hours;
Haughty, as bards have sung, with princely sway,
Curbing the fierce flame-breathing steeds of day;
Beauteous as vision seen in dreamy sleep
By holy maid, on Delphi's haunted steep,
Mid the dim twilight of the laurel grove,
Too fair to worship, too divine to love.

Yet on that form in wild delirious trance
With more than reverence gazed the Maid of France.

Day after day the love-sick dreamer stood
With him alone, nor thought it solitude;
To cherish grief, her last her dearest care,
Her one fond hope—to perish of despair.
Oft as the shifting light her sight beguiled
Blushing she shrunk, and thought the marble smiled;
Oft breathless listening heard, or seemed to hear—
A voice of music melt upon her ear.
Slowly she waned, and cold and senseless grown
Closed her dim eyes, herself benumbed to stone.
Yet love in death a sickly strength supplied
Once more she gazed, then feebly smiled and died.

It is remarkable that Dean Milman's professional residences have kept close to the great river of England: his first curacy at Ealing, his vicarage at Reading, his Oxford professorship, his stall at Westminster, the deanery of St. Paul's. Well! there are other ecclesiastical dwellings on the banks of the Thames: Rochester, Fulham, Lambeth; who knows! One thing is quite certain, go where he may, he will find respect and admiration, and leave behind him admiration and regret.

V.

AUTHORS ASSOCIATED WITH PLACES.

W. C. BENNETT.

Fifty years ago, our Berkshire valleys abounded in old Catholic houses, to which Tradition usually assigned subterranean communication with neighbouring nunneries, in the case of abbeys or priories, of which, so far as I know, none hath ever come to light; or, if the mansions had been secular, secret hiding-places for priests during the religious persecution (sad words to join) of the seventeenth century, especially during the times that preceded and followed Guy Fawkes's unaccomplished crime, and the frightful delusion known by the name of the Popish Plot. That tradition was right enough there, and that the oppressed Catholics did resort to every

measure permitted to their weakness, for the purpose of concealing the priests to whom and to their peculiar rites and ceremonies they clung as human nature does cling to that which is unrighteously persecuted, there exists no sort of doubt.—In an old house which my own father took down belonging to that time a small chamber was discovered, to which there was no entrance except by a trap-door cunningly devised in the oak flooring of a large bedchamber; and similar places of concealment, sometimes behind a panel, sometimes in a chimney, sometimes in the roof, have come to light in other manor-houses. Now they are nearly all levelled with the ground, these picturesque dwellings of our ancestors; the ancestral trees are following fast; and we who loved to linger round the gray walls or to ramble amidst the mossy trunks are left to remember and to deplore.

One, however, still remains amongst us, thanks to the good taste, the good feeling, and perhaps a little to the abundant wealth of the present proprietor; and that one is luckily the most interesting of all. I speak of Ufton Court, where Arabella Fermor, the Belinda of "The Rape of the Lock," spent her married life; where she dwelt in honour and repute, receiving in the hereditary mansion of the Perkinses the wits of that Augustan age—Pope,

Steele, Arbuthnot, Bolingbroke; where she reared four goodly sons, became a widow, and was finally buried in the little village church. There her monument may still be seen amongst many others of her husband's family, and her name is still shown with laudable pride and interest in that most levelling of books, in whose pages riches and poverty, beauty and deformity, stand side by side—the Parish Register.

To this old house I rarely fail to conduct such of my visitors as happen to be poets; and that one who deserves that high title accompanied me thither not very long ago will be inferred, I think, by most of those who read the verses that conclude this paper.

The day was one of those between late May and early June—the May of the old style, the May of the poets; a day of breeze and of sunshine. Our road wound through close woody lanes, fragrant with the pearly flowers of the hawthorn, and the opening leaves of the oak just disclosing their silky folds of yellowish-brown; then across the village-green, gay with happy children let loose from school; then through the little brook where the road dips so prettily; then beside the trickling rill flowing down the hill, as we mounted up, until at last we emerged from the shade of the tall trees and

the steep banks of the narrow lane into the full flood of the sunlight, shining in all its glory upon the broad table-land of Mortimer Common.

Never did I see that beautiful spot so beautiful, the fine short turf, exquisite in its tender verdure, was, except in occasional stripes and patches, literally encrusted with the golden-blossomed gorse, loading the air with its heavy odour; bright ponds of clear water reflected the deep blue sky; all around in the distance lay cultivated valleys, woods, churches, villages, towns; and in the foreground one or two groups of old, dark, fantastic firs gave something of a wild rugged relief to a landscape almost too gorgeous.

Traversing the common, we plunged again into a labyrinth of lanes. This time, however, we passed between fir plantations, mingled with young birches of green leaf and silver bark, with blossomed hawthorn and waving broom; the golden gorse creeping into every nook and corner, and seeming to reflect the yellow sunshine as the water had reflected the blue sky. At length we arrived at the gates opening upon the broad approach to Ufton Court; an approach still imposing, although the noble double avenue that once adorned it has long fallen under the woodman's axe.

The situation of the house is so commanding that it would be difficult to deprive it of its stateliness

and dignity. It stands on the brow of a hill which slopes abruptly from the broad terrace that surrounds two sides of the mansion, and overhangs an old-fashioned garden once elaborately laid out, down into a deep valley, which, with the stream that creeps along the enamelled bottom, forms a beautiful bit of woodland scenery—beautiful and most extensive; the wood climbing up to the top of the opposite hill and spreading on every side until it is lost in the distance.

On the lawn in front of the mansion are some magnificent elms, splendid both in size and form, and one gigantic broad-browed oak—the real oak of the English forest—that must have seen many centuries.

To the right the lawn sweeps down a steep descent to a chain of fish-ponds, communicating with each other, as was usual in large country-houses before the Reformation, especially when so far inland; and beyond the fish-ponds, a winding road leads through the wood past a clear well overhung with trees, that almost tempts you to taste the waters of the fountain, until in the depth of the valley we cross a one-arched bridge, and either follow the road up the long acclivity or diverge into the recesses of the woodland, just now interspersed with piles of faggots and a few fallen trees, and purple with the fragrant bells of the wild hyacinth.

By the roadside we found a rarer flower, the crimson woodvetch; which, to our astonishment, we again discovered amongst the grasses upon the terrace—of old as free from all vegetation as the pavement of the hall; doubtless some bird had carried the seed from its native home among the trees.

The house itself is an extensive and picturesque erection, certainly not later than the age of Elizabeth, probably much earlier. The projecting wings with their gables and pinnacles, are borne out by a large and curious porch, also projecting, with two wide seats on either side, so that, although partly open below, it admits of a charming lightsome lady's room, with three windows, built over it. Tall clusters of twisted chimneys break the line of the roof. The upper stories, with their quaintly carved beams and corbels, project one over the other, and are terminated by little gables and pinnacles, each with its narrow casement, all along the front. Tall narrow casements indeed—the small panes forming a graceful pattern of octagons and diamonds—prevail on every side; and the door of heaviest oak, studded with prodigious nails, would almost resist an ancient battering-ram or a modern petard.

On entering the mansion, we found cause to conjecture that these straitened windows and this iron-shod door were perhaps but needful precautions in those days of terror.

The two lower floors offer nothing to view beyond the black and white marble pavement, the decorated ceilings, and the carved oaken panels proper to a large manorial residence of the times of the Tudors. But, on ascending the broad staircase to the third storey, we find at every step traces of the shifts to which the unhappy intolerance of the times subjected those who adhered firmly to the proscribed faith, as during two centuries, and until the race was extinct, was the proud distinction of the family of Perkins.

The walls are evidently pierced throughout by a concealed passage, or very probably passages; leading, it is presumed, to a shaft in the cellar, still visible, from whence another passage led under the terrace into the garden, and through that to the woods, where, doubtless, places of refuge or means of escape were held ready for the fugitives. As many as a dozen carefully-masked openings into dark hiding-places, varying in extent and size, have been discovered in this storey: no doubt they were connected one with the other, although the clue of the labyrinth is wanting. About twenty years ago a larger chamber, entered by a trap, was also accidentally laid open. A narrow ladder led into this gloomy retreat, and the only things found there were most significant—two petronels and a small crucifix!

A shelving apartment in the roof had been used as a chapel; and in a small room adjoining, a triangular opening, too small to conceal a man, has been effected with more than ordinary care. It was probably used to conceal the vestments and the plate used in the mass. The little door is so thickly lined with wood, that the most skilful sounder of panels might knock for ever without detecting the slightest hollow sound, and it fastens itself when closed by a curious and complicated wooden bolt. One would fancy that Sir Walter must have seen Ufton Court when he wrote "Woodstock."

Fifty years ago a Catholic priest was the sole inhabitant of this interesting mansion. His friend, the late Mrs. Lenoir, Christopher Smart's daughter, whose books, when taken up, one does not care to put down again, wrote some verses to the great oak. Her nieces, whom I am proud to call my friends, possess many reliques of that lovely Arabella Fermor, of whom Pope, in the charming dedication to the most charming of his poems, said that "the character of Belinda, as it was now managed, resembled her in nothing but beauty." Amongst these reliques are her rosary and a portrait, taken when she was twelve or thirteen years of age. The face is most interesting; a high broad forehead; dark eyes, richly fringed and deeply set; a straight

17814

nose, pouting lips, and a short chin finely rounded. The dress is dark and graceful, with a little white turned back about the neck and the loose sleeves. Altogether I never saw a more charming girlish portrait, with so much of present beauty, and so true a promise of more, of that order, too, high and intellectual, which great poets love. Her last surviving son died childless in 1769, and the estate passed into another family.

Yet another interest belongs to Ufton, not indeed to the Court, but to the Rectory. Poor Blanco White wrote under that roof his first work, the well-known "Doblado's Letters;" and the late excellent rector, Mr. Bishop, in common with the no less excellent Lord Holland and Archbishop Whately, remained through all that tried and alienated other hearts, his fast friend to his last hour.

Let me now speak of my companion.

Of all writers the one who has best understood, best painted, best felt infant nature, is my dear and valued friend Mr. Bennett. We see at once that it is not only a charming and richly-gifted poet who is describing childish beauty, but a young father writing from his heart. So young indeed is he in reality and in appearance, that he was forced to produce a shoemaker's bill for certain little blue

kid slippers before he could convince an incredulous critic (I believe poor Ebenezer Elliott, the Corn-law Rhymer) that Baby May was really his own child, and not an imaginary personage invented for the nonce; and yet Greenwich can tell how much this young ardent mind, aided by kindred spirits, has done in the way of baths and wash-houses, and schools, and lectures, and libraries, and mechanics' institutes to further the great cause of progress mental and bodily. So well do strength and tenderness of character go together, and so fine a thing is the union of activity with thought.

"Baby May" is amongst the most popular of Mr. Bennett's lyrics, and amongst the most original, as that which is perfectly true to nature can hardly fail to be.

BABY MAY.

Cheeks as soft as July peaches—
Lips whose velvet scarlet teaches
Poppies paleness—round large eyes
Ever great with new surprise—
Minutes filled with shadeless gladness—
Minutes just as brimmed with sadness—
Happy smiles and wailing cries,
Crows and laughs and tearful eyes,
Lights and shadows, swifter born
Then on windswept Autumn corn,

Ever some new tiny notion,
Making every limb all motion,
Catchings up of legs and arms,
Throwings back and small alarms,
Clutching fingers—straightening jerks,
Twining feet whose each toe works,
Kickings up and straining risings,
Mother's ever new surprisings,
Hands all wants and looks all wonder
At all things the heavens under,
Tiny scorns of smiled reprovings
That have more of love than lovings,
Mischiefs done with such a winning
Archness that we prize such sinning,
Breakings dire of plates and glasses,
Graspings small at all that passes,
Pullings off of all that's able
To be caught from tray or table,
Silences—small meditations
Deep as thoughts of cares for nations
Breaking into wisest speeches
In a tongue that nothing teaches,
All the thoughts of whose possessing
Must be wooed to light by guessing,
Slumbers—such sweet angel-seemings
That we'd ever have such dreamings,
Till from sleep we see thee breaking,
And we'd always have thee waking,
Wealth for which we know no measure,
Pleasure high above all pleasure,
Gladness brimming over gladness,
Joy in care—delight in sadness,

Loveliness beyond completeness,
Sweetness distancing all sweetness,
Beauty all that beauty may be,
That's May Bennett—that's my baby.

This is another lyric in the same key.

TO A LOCKET.

Oh casket of dear fancies—
Oh little case of gold—
What rarest wealth of memories
Thy tiny round will hold;
With this first curl of baby's
In thy small charge will live
All thoughts that all her little life
To memory can give.

Oh prize its silken softness,
Within its amber round
What worlds of sweet rememberings
Will still by us be found;
The weak shrill cry so blessing
The curtained room of pain,
With every since-felt feeling
To us 'twill bring again.

'Twill mind us of her lying
In rest soft-pillowed deep,

While, hands the candle shading,
We stole upon her sleep—
Of many a blessed moment
Her little rest above
We hung in marvelling stillness—
In ecstacy of love.

'Twill mind us, radiant sunshine
For all our shadowed days,
Of all her baby wonderings,
Of all her little ways,
Of all her tiny shoutings,
Of all her starts and fears.
And sudden mirths out-gleaming
Through eyes yet hung with tears.

There's not a care—a watching—
A hope—a laugh—a fear
Of all her little bringing
But we shall find it here;
Then tiny golden warder,
Oh safely ever hold
This glossy silken memory,
This little curl of gold.

Here are some epitaphs for infants of great sweetness and tenderness.

EPITAPHS FOR INFANTS.

I.

Here the gusts of wild March blow
But in murmurs faint and low;
Ever here, when Spring is green,
Be the brightest verdure seen—
And when June's in field and glade,
Here be ever freshest shade;
Here hued Autumn latest stay,
Latest call the flowers away;
And when Winter's shrilling by,
Here its snows the warmest lie;
For a little life is here,
Hid in earth, for ever dear,
And this grassy heap above
Sorrow broods and weeping love.

II.

On this little grassy mound
Never be the darnel found;
Ne'er be venomed nettle seen
On this little heap of green;
For the little lost one here
Was too sweet for aught of fear,
Aught of harm to harbour nigh
This green spot where she must lie;
So be nought but sweetness found
On this little grassy mound.

III.

Here in gentle pity, Spring,
Let thy sweetest voices sing;
Nightingale, be here thy song
Charmed by grief to linger long—
Here the thrush with longest stay
Pipe its speckled song to day—
And the blackbird warble shrill
All its passion latest still;
Still the old gray tower above
Her small rest, the swallow love,
And through all June's honied hours
Booming bees hum in its flowers,
And when comes the eve's cold gray
Murmuring gnats unresting play
Weave, while round the beetle's flight
Drones across the shadowing night;
For the sweetness dreaming here
Was a gladness to the year
And the sad months all should bring
Dirges o'er her sleep to sing.

IV.

Haunter of the opening year,
Ever be the primrose here;
Whitest daisies deck the spot,
Pansies and forget-me-not,
Fairest things that earliest fly,
Sweetness blooming but to die;

For this blossom, o'er whose fall
Sorrow sighs, was fair as all,
But, alas, as frail as they,
All as quickly fled away.

These four stanzas, on a subject so hacknied that many writers would have shrunk from attempting it, would make four charming pictures.

THE SEASONS.

A blue-eyed child that sits amid the noon,
O'erhung with a laburnum's drooping sprays,
Singing her little songs, while softly round
Along the grass the chequered sunshine plays.

All beauty that is throned in womanhood
Pacing a summer garden's fountained walks,
That stoops to smooth a glossy spaniel down
To hide her flushing cheek from one who talks.

A happy mother with her fair-faced girls,
In whose sweet Spring again her youth she sees,
With shout and dance and laugh and bound and song,
Stripping an Autumn orchard's laden trees.

An aged woman in a wintry room,—
Frost on the pane, without the whirling snow—
Reading old letters of her far-off youth,
Of sorrows past and joys of long ago.

The next specimen shows one of Mr. Bennett's strongest characteristics; his sincere sympathy with the privations of the working classes, especially the privations that shut them out from natural beauty.

THE SEMPSTRESS TO HER MIGNONETTE.

I love that box of mignonette,
  Though worthless in your eyes
Above your choicest hot-house flowers
  My mignonette I prize—
Thank heaven not yet I've learned on that
  A money worth to set—
'Tis priceless as the thoughts it brings
  My box of mignonette.

I know my own sweet mignonette
  Is neither strange nor rare
Your garden flaunters burn with hues
  That it may never wear,
Yet on your garden's rarest blooms
  No eyes were ever set
With more delight than mine on yours
  My box of mignonette.

Why do I prize my mignonette
  That lights my window there?
It adds a pleasure to delight—
  It steals a weight from care—

What happy daylight dreams it brings—
  Can I not half forget
My long long hours of weary work
  With you my mignonette.

It tells of May, my mignonette,
  And as I see it bloom
I think the green bright pleasant Spring
  Comes freshly through my room;
Our narrow court is dark and close
  Yet when my eyes you met
Wide fields lay stretching from my sight,
  My box of mignonette.

What talks it of, my mignonette,
  To me it babbles still
Of woodland banks of primroses,
  Of heath and breezy hill—
Through country lanes and daisied fields—
  Through paths with morning wet
Again I trip as when a girl
  Through you my mignonette.

For this I love my mignonette,
  My window garden small
That country thoughts and scents and sounds
  Around me loves to call—
For this though low in rich men's thoughts
  Your worth and love be set
I bless you pleasure of the poor,
  My own sweet mignonette.

I add "Ariadne" to show how Mr. Bennett can strike the classic lyre.

ARIADNE.

Morn rose on Naxos,—golden dewy morn,
Climbing its eastern cliffs with gleaming light,
Purpling each inland peak and dusky gorge
Of the gray distance,—morn, on lowland slopes,
Of olive-ground and vines and yellowing corn,
Orchard and flowery pasture, white with kine,
On forest—hill-side cot, and rounding sea,
And the still tent of Theseus by the shore.

Morn rose on Naxos—chill and freshening morn,
Nor yet the unbreathing air a twitter heard
From cave or bough,—nor yet a blue smoke rose
From glade or misty vale, or far-off town;
One only sign of life, a dusky sail,
Stole dark afar across the distant sea
Flying; all else unmoved in stillness lay
Beneath the silence of the brightening heavens,
Nor sound was heard to break the slumbrous calm,
Save the soft lapse of waves along the strand.

A white form from the tent,—a glance,—a cry.
Where art thou, Theseus?—Theseus! Theseus! where?
Why hast thou stolen thus with earliest dawn,
Forth from thy couch—forth from these faithless arms,

That even in slumber should have clasped thee still!
Truant! ah me! and hast thou learnt to fly
So early from thy Ariadne's love!
Where art thou? Is it well to fright me thus,—
To scare me for a moment with the dread
Of one abandoned! Art thou in the woods
With all that could have told me where thou art!
Cruel! and couldst thou not have left me one,
Ere this to have laughed away my idle fears!
He could have told thee all—the start—the shriek—
The pallid face, with which I found thee gone,
And furnished laughter for thy glad return;
But thus! to leave me, cruel! thus alone!
There is no sound of horns among the hills,
No shouts that tell they track or bay the boar.
O fearful stillness! O that one would speak!
O would that I were fronting wolf or pard
But by thy side this moment! so strange fear
Possesses me, O love! apart from thee;
The galley? gone? Ye Gods! it is not gone?
Here, by this rock it lay but yesternight?
Gone? through this track its keel slid down the shore;
And I slept calmly as it cleft the sea?
Gone? gone? where gone?—that sail! 'tis his! 'tis his!
Return, O Theseus! Theseus! love! return!
Thou wilt return? Thou dost but try my love?
Thou wilt return to make my foolish fears
Thy jest? Return, and I will laugh with thee!
Return! return! and canst thou hear my shrieks,
Nor heed my cry! And wouldst thou have me weep,
Weep! I that wept—white with wild fear—the while
Thou slew'st the abhorred monster! If it be

Thou takest pleasure in these bitter tears,
Come back, and I will weep myself away—
A streaming Niobe—to win thy smiles!
O stony heart! why wilt thou wring me thus!
O heart more cold unto my shrilling cries
Than these wild hills that wail to thee, return,
Than all these island rocks that shriek, return.
Come back!—Thou seest me rend this blinding hair;
Hast thou not sworn each tress thou didst so prize,
That sight of home, and thy gray father's face,
Were less a joy to thee, and lightlier held!
Thy sail! thy sail! O do my watery eyes
Take part with thee, so loved! to crush me down!
Gone! gone! and wilt thou—wilt thou not return?
Heartless, unfearing the just Gods, wilt thou,
Theseus! my lord! my love! desert me thus!
Thus leave me, stranger in this strange wild land,
Friendless, afar from all I left for thee,
Crete, my old home, and my ancestral halls,
My father's love, and the remembered haunts
Of childhood,—all that knew me—all I knew—
All—all—woe! woe! that I shall know no more.
Why didst thou lure me, craftiest, from my home?
There if, thy love grown cold, thou thus hadst fled,
I had found comfort in fond words and smiles
Familiar, and the pity of my kin,
Tears wept with mine—tears wept by loving eyes,
That had washed out thy traces from my heart,
Perchance, in years, had given me back to joy.
O that thy steps had never trodden Crete!
O that these eyes had never on thee fed!
O that, weak heart! I ne'er had looked my love,

Or, looking, thou hadst thrust it back with hate!
Did I not save thee? I? was it for this,
Despite Crete's hate—despite my father's wrath,
Perchance to slay me, that I ventured all
For thee—for thee—forgetting all for thee!
Thou know'st it all,—who knows it if not thou,
Save the just Gods—the Gods who hear my cry,
And mutter vengeance o'er thy flying head,
Forsworn! And, lo! on thy accursed track
Rush the dread furies; lo! afar I see
The hoary Ægeus, watching for his son,
His son that nears him still with hastening oars,
Unknown, that nears him but to dash him down,
Moaning, to darkness and the dreadful shades,
The while, thy grief wails after him in vain;
And, lo, again the good Gods glad my sight
With vengeance; blood again, thy blood, I see
Streaming;—who bids Hippolytus depart
But thou—thou, sword of lustful Phædra's hate
Against thy boy—thy son—thy fair-haired boy;
I see the ivory chariot whirl him on—
The maddened horses down the rocky way
Dashing—the roaring monster in their path;
And plates and ivory splinters of the car,
And blood and limbs, sprung from thee, crushed and torn,
Poseidon scatters down the shrieking shores;
And thou too late—too late, bewail'st, in vain,
Thy blindness and thy hapless darling's fate,
And think'st of me, abandoned, and my woe;
Thou who didst show no pity, to the Gods
Shrieking for pity, that my vengeful cries
Drag thee not down unto the nether gloom,

To endless tortures and undying woe.
Dread Gods! I know these things shall surely be!
But other, wilder whispers throng my ears,
And in my thought a fountain of sweet hope
Mingles its gladness with my lorn despair.
Lo! wild flushed faces reel before mine eyes,
And furious revels, dances, and fierce glee,
Are round me,—tossing arms and leaping forms,
Skin-clad and horny-hoofed, and hands that clash
Shrill cymbals, and the stormy joy of flutes
And horns, and blare of trumpets, and all hues
Of Iris' watery bow, on bounding nymphs,
Vine-crowned and thyrsus-sceptred, and one form,
God of the roaring triumph, on a car
Golden and jewel-lustred, carved and bossed,
As by Hephæstus, shouting, rolls along,
Jocund and panther-drawn, and through the sun,
Down, through the glaring splendour, with wild bound,
Leaps, as he nears me, and a mighty cup,
Dripping with odorous nectar, to my lips
Is raised, and mad sweet mirth—frenzy divine
Is in my veins,—hot love burns through mine eyes,
And o'er the roar and rout I roll along,
Throned by the God, and lifted by his love
Unto forgetfulness of mortal pains,
Up to the prayers and praise and awe of earth.

Much may be expected from a young poet who has already done so well; all the more that he is a man of business and that literature is with him a staff and not a crutch.

To return a moment to Ufton Court.

I am indebted to my admirable friend Mrs. Hughes for the account of another hiding place, in which the interest is insured by that charm of charms—an unsolved and insoluble mystery.

On some alterations being projected in a large mansion in Scotland, belonging to the late Sir George Warrender, the architect, after examining, and, so to say, studying the house, declared that there was a space in the centre for which there was no accounting, and that there must certainly be a concealed chamber. Neither master nor servant had ever heard of such a thing, and the assertion was treated with some scorn. The architect, however, persisted, and at last proved by the sure test of measurement and by a comparison with the rooms in an upper storey, that the space he had spoken of did exist, and as no entrance of any sort could be discovered from the surrounding chambers it was resolved to make an incision in the wall. The experiment proved the architect to have been correct in his calculations. A large and lofty apartment was disclosed, richly and completely furnished as a bed-chamber; a large four-post bed, spread with blankets, counterpanes, and the finest sheets, was prepared for instant occupation. The very wax-lights in the candlesticks stood ready for lighting, The room was heavily hung and carpeted as if to

deaden sound, and was, of course, perfectly dark. No token was found to indicate the intended occupant, for it did not appear to have been used, and the general conjecture was that the refuge had been prepared for some unfortunate Jacobite in the '15, who had either fallen into the hands of the Government or had escaped from the kingdom; while the few persons to whom the secret had necessarily been intrusted had died off without taking any one into their confidence; a discretion and fidelity which correspond with many known traits of Scottish character in both rebellions, and were eminently displayed during the escape of Charles Edward.

VI.

IRISH AUTHORS.

GERALD GRIFFIN.

BIOGRAPHY, although to me the most delightful reading in the world, is too frequently synonymous with tragedy, especially the biography of poets. What else are the last two volumes of "Lockhart's Life of Scott?" What else, all the more for its wild and whirling gaiety, the entire "Life of Byron?" But the book that, above any other, speaks to me of the trials, the sufferings, the broken heart of a man of genius is that "Life of Gerald Griffin," written by a brother worthy of him, which precedes the only edition of his collected works. The author of "The Collegians" is so little known in England, that I may be pardoned for sketching the

few events of an existence marked only by high aims and bitter disappointments. His parents were poor Irish gentry, with taste and cultivation unusual in their class and country; and all of his early youth that he could steal from Greek and Latin was spent in the far dearer and more absorbing occupation of sketching secretly drama after drama, or in dreaming sweet dreams of triumphs to come, as he lay floating in his little boat on the broad bosom of the Shannon, which flowed past his happy home. When he was about seventeen the elder branches of his family emigrated to Canada, leaving him to the care of his brother, Dr. Griffin, who removed to Adare, near Limerick. It was proposed that he also should follow the medical profession. But this destination was little suited to the cherished visions of the young poet; and about two years after he set off gaily for London with "Gisippus," and I know not how many other plays in his pocket, for his only resource, and his countryman John Banim for his only friend. He was not yet twenty, poor boy! had hardly left his father's roof, and he set out for London full of spirits and of hope to make his fortune by the stage. *Now* we all know what "Gisippus" is—the story of a great benefit, a foul ingratitude, suffering heaped upon suffering, wrong upon wrong, avenged in the last scene by such a pardón, such a reconciliation as would draw tears

from the stoniest heart that ever sate in a theatre. We all know the beauty of "Gisippus" now; for after the author's death that very play, in Mr. Macready's hands, achieved perhaps one of the purest successes of the modern drama. But during Gerald Griffin's life it produced nothing but mortifications innumerable and unspeakable. The play and the poet were tossed unread and unheard from actor to actor, from manager to manager, until hope fainted within him, and the theatre was abandoned at once and for ever.

During this long agony he quarrelled in some moment of susceptibility, long repented and speedily atoned, with his true friend Banim; and went about the huge wilderness, London, an unknown, solitary lad seeking employment amongst the booksellers, fighting the battle of unfriended and unrecognised talent as bravely as ever it was fought, and was all but starved in the contest, as Otway and Chatterton had been before him. The production of "The Collegians," the very best tale of what has been termed "The Irish School," averted this catastrophe. But even after "The Collegians," which O'Connell delighted in calling his favourite novel, the struggle, often a losing struggle, seems to have continued. Bitter sufferings ooze out. He speaks of himself in some most affecting stanzas, as

doomed to die whilst his powers are still unacknowledged :

" With this feeling upon me, all feverish and glowing,
I rushed up the rugged way panting to fame,
I snatched at my laurels while yet they were growing,
And won for my guerdon *the half of a name.*"

For the next dozen years he appears to have lived an anxious and unsatisfactory life, partly in arduous and obscure literary drudgery, working for different booksellers at the several series of " The Munster Festivals," " The Duke of Monmouth," and other tales, partly sharing the happier retirement of his affectionate relations in the county Limerick. But in London, in spite of his fine genius, his high and sterling qualities, he seems to have remained friendless and unknown. Partly perhaps this was the fault of a shy and sensitive temperament. He says himself :

" I have a heart. I'd live
And die for him whose worth I knew ;
But could not clasp his hand, and give
My full heart forth as talkers do.
And they who loved me, the kind few,
Believed me changed in heart and tone
And left me while it burned as true,
To live alone, to live alone."

And so he laboured on; working for uncertain remuneration with diminished hope, and with (as we are suffered to perceive) the shadow of an unfortunate attachment dimming the faint sunshine that was left, until little by little his courage seems to have failed him, and in the year 1838, while only thirty-four years of age he resolved to join the Society of Christian Brethren at Cork. It is an institution half monastic, half educational, consisting no doubt of pious and excellent persons; and fitted to do good service among the peasantry of Ireland. But I cannot help doubting whether the companionship or the occupation were exactly that best suited to Gerald Griffin. One of the old Benedictine abbeys, where the consolations of religion were blended with the pursuits of learning, where the richly-adorned chapel adjoined the richly-stored library, would have done better. At Cork, his employment was to teach young children their letters; and one day a mendicant from his own county craving relief, and he moneyless, according to the rule of the order, proposing to bestow his alms in the form of a little gold seal, the only trinket he had retained, the permission to do so was refused. After this it is no surprise to find that the feverish disorders, to which he was constitutionally subject, recurred more frequently. In the year 1840, his kind brother, Dr. Griffin, was sent for to attend his sick-bed, and arrived just in

time to receive his last sigh. Then came the triumphant representation of "Gisippus," the only one of his plays that he had not destroyed on entering the Christian Brethren, just to show what a dramatist had been let die.

His lyrics seem to me almost unrivalled for the truth, purity and tenderness of the sentiment. This is high praise, but I subjoin a few specimens which I think will bear it out:

Gilli ma chree,
Sit down by me,
We now are joined and ne'er shall sever,
This hearth's our own,
Our hearts are one,
And peace is our's for ever.

When I was poor
Your father's door
Was closed against your constant lover,
With care and pain
I tried in vain
My fortunes to recover;
I said, To other lands I'll roam
Where Fate may smile on me, love
I said, Farewell, my own old home
And I said farewell to thee, love
Sing Gilli ma chree, &c.

I might have said
My mountain maid
Come live with me, your own true lover;
I know a spot
A silent cot,
Your friends can ne'er discover,
Where gently flows the waveless tide
By one small garden only,
Where the heron waves his wings so wide,
And the linnet sings so lonely.
Sing Gilli ma chree, &c.

I might have said
My mountain maid
A father's right was never given
True hearts to curse
With tyrant force
That have been blest in Heaven!
But then I said, in after years,
When thoughts of home shall find her,
My love may mourn with secret tears
Her friends thus left behind her.
Sing Gilli ma chree, &c.

Oh, no, I said,
My own dear maid,
For me, though all forlorn for ever,
That heart of thine
Shall ne'er repine
O'er slighted duty, never!

From home and thee though wandering far
A dreary fate be mine, love,
I'd rather live in endless war
Than buy my peace with thine, love!
Sing Gilli ma chree, &c.

Far, far away
By night and day
I toiled to win a golden treasure,
And golden gains
Repaid my pains
In fair and shining measure.
I sought again my native land,
Thy father welcomed me, love;
I poured my gold into his hand,
And my guerdon found in thee, love!
Sing Gilli ma chree,
Sit down by me,
We now are joined and ne'er shall sever;
This hearth's our own,
Our hearts are one,
And peace is our's for ever.

II.

The Mie-na-mallah* now is past,
O wirra-sthru! O wirra-sthru!
And I must leave my home at last,
O wirra-sthru! O wirra-sthru!

* The Honeymoon.

I look into my father's eyes,
I hear my mother's parting sighs,—
Ah! fool to pine for other ties!
O wirra-sthru! O wirra-sthru!

This evening they must sit alone,
O wirra-sthru! O wirra-sthru!
They'll talk of me when I am gone,
O wirra-sthru! O wirra-sthru!
Who now will cheer my lonely sire
When toil and care his heart shall tire?
My chair is empty by the fire;
O wirra-sthru! O wirra-sthru!

How sunny looks my pleasant home,
O wirra-sthru! O wirra-sthru!
Those flowers for me shall never bloom,
O wirra-sthru! O wirra-sthru!
I seek new friends, and I am told
That they are rich in lands and gold.
Ah! will they love me like the old?
O wirra-sthru! O wirra-sthru!

Farewell dear friends! we meet no more!
O wirra-sthru! O wirra-sthru!
My husband's horse is at the door!
O wirra-sthru! O wirra-sthru!

Ah, love! ah, love! be kind to me,
For by this breaking heart you see,
How dearly I have purchased thee!
O wirra-sthru! O wirra-sthru!

III.

Old times! old times! the gay old times,
When I was young and free,
And heard the merry Easter chimes
Under the sally tree.
My Sunday palm beside me placed,
My cross upon my hand,
A heart at rest within my breast,
And sunshine on the land!
Old times! old times!

It is not that my fortunes flee,
Nor that my cheek is pale,
I mourn whene'er I think of thee,
My darling native vale.
A wiser head I have I know
Than when I loitered there,
But in my wisdom there is woe,
And in my knowledge care.
Old times! old times!

I've lived to know my share of joy,
To feel my share of pain,

To learn that friendship's self can cloy,
To love and love in vain.
To feel a pang and wear a smile,
To tire of other climes,
To like my own unhappy isle,
And sing the gay old times,
Old times! old times!

And sure the land is nothing changed,
The birds are singing still,
The flowers are springing where we ranged,
There's sunshine on the hill;
The sally, waving o'er my head,
Still sweetly shades my frame;
But, ah, those happy days are fled
And I am not the same.
Old times! old times!

Oh, come again, ye merry times,
Sweet, sunny, fresh and calm,
And let me hear those Easter chimes,
And wear my Sunday palm.
If I could cry away mine eyes,
My tears would flow in vain;
If I could waste my heart in sighs
They'll never come again.

A personal feeling probably dictated the following fine stanzas; one of Gerald Griffin's sisters having joined the Sisters of Charity in Dublin:

She once was a lady of honour and wealth,
Bright glowed on her features the roses of health,
Her vesture was blended of silk and of gold,
And her motion shook perfume from every fold;
Joy revelled around her, love shone at her side,
And gay was her smile as the glance of a bride,
And light was her step in the mirth-sounding hall
When she heard of the daughters of Vincent de Paul.

She felt in her spirit the summons of grace,
That called her to live for the suffering race,
And heedless of pleasure, of comfort, of home,
Rose quickly like Mary and answered "I come!"
She put from her person the trappings of pride,
And passed from her home with the joy of a bride,
Nor wept at the threshold as onward she moved,
For her heart was on fire in the cause that she loved.

Lost ever to fashion, to vanity lost,
That beauty that once was the song and the toast;
No more in the ball-room that figure we meet,
But gliding at dusk to the wretch's retreat.
Forgot in the halls is that high-sounding name,
For the Sister of Charity blushes at fame;
Forgot are the claims of her riches and birth,
For she barters for Heaven the glory of earth.

Those feet, that to music could gracefully move,
Now bear her alone on the mission of love;

Those hands, that once dangled the perfume or gem,
Are tending the helpless or lifted for them;
That voice, that once echoed the song of the vain,
Now whispers relief to the bosom of pain;
And the hair, that was shining with diamond and pearl,
Is wet with the tears of the penitent girl.

Her down-bed a pallet, her trinkets a bead,
Her lustre one taper that serves her to read,
Her sculpture the crucifix nailed by her bed,
Her paintings one print of the thorn-crowned head,
Her cushion the pavement that wearies her knees,
Her music the psalm or the sigh of disease,
The delicate lady lives mortified there,
And the feast is forsaken for fasting and prayer.

Yet not to the service of heart and of mind
Are the cares of that Heaven-minded virgin confined,
Like Him whom she loves, to the mansion of grief
She hastes with the tidings of joy and relief;
She strengthens the weary, she comforts the weak,
And soft is her voice in the ear of the sick;
Where want and affliction on mortals attend,
The Sister of Charity *there* is a friend.

Unshrinking where pestilence scatters his breath,
Like an angel she moves mid the vapour of death;
Where rings the loud musket and flashes the sword,
Unfearing she walks, for she follows the Lord.
How sweetly she bends o'er each plague-tainted face
With looks that are lighted with holiest grace!

How kindly she dresses each suffering limb,
For she sees in the wounded the image of Him!

Behold her, ye worldly! behold her, ye vain!
Who shrink from the pathway of virtue and pain,
Who yield up to pleasure your nights and your days—
Forgetful of service, forgetful of praise!
Ye lazy philosophers, self-seeking men,
Ye fireside philanthropists, great at the pen,
How stands in the balance your eloquence weighed
With the life and the deeds of that delicate maid?

I add another charming bridal song, the vein in which he excelled, and which he loved so well, omitting only an Irish refrain, that pedantry of patriotism which disfigures so many of these lovely lyrics:

My Mary of the curling hair,
The laughing teeth and bashful air,
Our bridal morn is dawning fair
With blushes in the skies.
My love! my pearl!
My own dear girl!
My mountain maid, arise!

Wake, linnet of the osier grove?
Wake, trembling, stainless virgin dove?
Wake, nestling of a parent's love!
Let Moran see thine eyes.

I am no stranger, proud and gay,
To win thee from thy home away,
And find thee for a distant day,
A theme for wasting sighs.

But we were known from infancy.
Thy father's hearth was home to me,
No selfish love was mine for thee,
Unholy and unwise.

And yet (to see what love can do),
Though calm my hope has burned and true,
My cheek is pale and worn for you,
And sunken are mine eyes!

But soon my love shall be my bride;
And happy by our own fireside,
My veins shall feel the rosy tide
That lingering hope denies.

My Mary of the curling hair,
The laughing teeth and bashful air,
Our bridal morn is dawning fair,
With blushes in the skies.
My love! my pearl!
My own dear girl!
My mountain maid, arise!

As a novelist, I cannot resist the temptation of pointing out a chapter in one of Gerald Griffin's less-known tales, which has always seemed to me remarkable for character, for spirit, and for critical and verbal felicity of the highest order.

"The Collegians," partly from the striking interest of the story, partly from a certain careless grace and freshness of narration, won immediate popularity. "The Rivals," equally true to individual nature, and superior in constructive skill, was comparatively unsuccessful.

Perhaps the reason of this failure may be found in the principal incident, resembling in its main points that of Mr. Leigh Hunt's "Legend of Florence." The heroine, like Ginevra, is buried while in a trance, and recovered, not like the Italian wife, from the effect of natural causes, but by the half-crazy efforts of her lover, who violates the sanctity of the tomb that he may gaze once again in death upon the form he so loved while living. Now this catastrophe, although it may have occurred, and there is reason to believe has occurred in more instances than one, is yet, even in the Italian version, so improbable and so horrible, so utterly repugnant to human sympathy as to be, in spite of Mr. Hunt's success, of exceedingly dangerous and questionable use whether in play or in story. Shakespeare, who always foresaw as by instinct,

the objections of his audience, seems to have composed Juliet's famous speech before taking the sleeping draught, by way of forestalling their distaste to the possible consequences of the act; and this horror is so much aggravated in the Irish tale by the circumstance of the closed coffin, that no power of conception or skill in execution could ensure an extensive or a durable popularity to a work founded on such a basis. Therefore, and as I think for that reason only, "The Rivals" will never command the same full applause as "The Collegians," which, however little talked of at this moment, is sure to retain a permanent station in Irish literature; and the chapter which I am about to quote from the Second Series of Tales of the Munster Festivals, will probably be new even to the admirers of the First.

This chapter is strictly speaking an episode; a scene in a village school, whose principal actors, the ragged Irish pupil who construes Virgil word for word, and the almost equally ragged usher who corrects his blunders and encourages his successes, never reappear so far as I can remember in the whole course of the story. The enthusiasm of the poor County Wicklow Professor lighting up as he expounds even to an audience of tattered and ignorant boys the beauties of his favourite bard, the manner in which his own English, so singularly

degraded and provincial in his ordinary talk, becomes elevated and poetical by contact with the great Mautuan, is one of the finest and most pathethic instances of the consolations of scholarship, of the triumph of the intellect over the situation, that I have anywhere met. It would be noted as one of his happiest touches if we found it in Scott.

I have only to beg pardon for any misprints that may be found in my Latin; of which in the regular grammatical Etonian sense I, an unlearned woman, know absolutely nothing;—referring myself wholly to the care and kindness of Mr. Bentley's excellent body of compositors and readers, who in this as in many other matters, are far more accomplished and scholarly persons than I can pretend to be. Now for Gerald Griffin.

"The school-house at Glendalough was situated near the romantic river which flows between the wild scenery of Drumgoff and the Seven Churches. It was a low stone building, indifferently thatched; the whole interior consisting of one oblong room, floored with clay, and lighted by two or three windows, the panes of which were patched with old copy-books, or altogether supplanted by school slates. The walls had once been plaistered and whitewashed, but now partook of that appearance of dilapidation which characterised the whole building. In many places which yet remained unin-

jured, the malign spirit of satire (a demon for whom the court is not too high nor the cottage too humble), had developed itself in sundry amusing and ingenious devices. Here, with the end of a burnt stick, was traced the hideous outline of a human profile, professing to be a likeness of "Tom Guèrin," and here might be seen the "woeful lamentation and dying declaration of Neddy Mulcahy," while that worthy dangled in effigy from a gallows overhead. In some instances, indeed, the village Hogarth with peculiar hardihood seemed to have sketched in a slight hit at "the Masther," the formidable Mr. Lenigan himself. Along each wall were placed a row of large stones, the one intended to furnish seats for the boys, the other for the girls; the decorum of Mr. Lenigan's establishment requiring that they should be kept apart on ordinary occasions, for Mr. Lenigan, it should be understood, had not been furnished with any Pestalozzian light. The only chair in the whole establishment was that which was usually occupied by Mr. Lenigan himself, and a table appeared to be a luxury of which they were either ignorant or wholly regardless.

"A traveller in Ireland who is acquainted with the ancient chronicles of the country, must be struck by the resemblance between the ancient and modern Irish in their mode of education. In that

translation of Stanihurst, which Hollinshed admits into his collection, we find the following passage: 'In their schools they grovel upon couches of straw, their books at their noses, themselves lie flat prostrate, and so they shout out with a loud voice their lessons by piecemeal, repeating two or three words thirty or forty times together.' The system of mnemonics described in the last sentence is still in vigorous use.

"On the morning after the conversation described in the last chapter, Mr. Lenigan was rather later than his usual hour in taking possession of the chair above alluded to. The sun was mounting swiftly up the heavens. The rows of stones before described were already occupied, and the babble of a hundred voices like the sound of a beehive filled the house. Now and then a school-boy in frieze coat and corduroy trowsers with an ink-bottle dangling at his breast, copy-book, slate, Voster, and 'reading-book' under one arm, and a sod of turf under the other, dropped in and took his place upon the next unoccupied stone. A great boy with a huge slate in his arms, stood in the centre of the apartment, making a list of all those who were guilty of any indecorum in the absence of 'the Masther.' Near the door was a blazing turf fire, which the sharp autumnal winds already rendered agreeable. In a corner behind the door lay a heap

of fuel formed by the contributions of all the scholars, each being obliged to bring one sod of turf every day, and each having the privilege of sitting by the fire while his own sod was burning. Those who failed to pay their tribute of fuel, sat cold and shivering the whole day long at the farther end of the room, huddling together their bare and frost-bitten toes, and casting a longing, envious eye towards the peristyle of well-marbled shins that surrounded the fire.

"Full in the influence of the cherishing flame was placed the hay-bottomed chair that supported the person of Mr. Henry Lenigan, when that great man presided in person in his rural academy. On his right lay a close bush of hazel of astounding size, the emblem of his authority and the implement of castigation. Near this was a wooden sthroker, that is to say, a large rule of smooth and polished deal, used for sthroking lines in the copy book, and also for sthroking the palms of refractory pupils. On the other side lay a lofty heap of copy-books, which were left there by the boys and girls for the purpose of having their copies 'sot' by the 'Masther!'

"About noon a sudden hush was produced by the appearance at the open door of a young man, dressed in rusty black, and with something clerical in his costume and demeanour. This was Mr. Leni-

gan's classical assistant; for to himself the volumes of ancient literature were a fountain sealed. Five or six stout young men, all of whom were intended for learned professions, were the only portion of Mr. Lenigan's scholars that aspired to those lofty sources of information. At the sound of the word 'Virgil!' from the lips of the assistant, the whole class started from their seats, and crowded round him, each brandishing a smoky volume of the great Augustan poet, who, could he have looked into this Irish academy, from that part of the infernal regions in which he had been placed by his pupil Dante, might have been tempted to exclaim, in the pathetic words of his own hero:

"'——Sunt hic etiam sua præmia laudi,
Sunt lachryma rerum et mentem mortali a tangunt.'

"'Who's head?' was the first question proposed by the assistant, after he had thrown open the volume at that part marked as the day's lesson.

"'Jim Naughtin, Sir.'

"'Well, Naughtin, begin. Consther,* consther now, an' be quick.'

"At puer Ascanius mediis in vallibus acri
Gaudet equo; jamque hos cursu, jam preterit illos:
Spumantemque dari—'

* Construe—translate.

"'Go on Sir. Why don't you consther?'

"'*At puer Ascanius,*' the person so addressed began, 'but the boy Ascanius; *mediis in vallibus,* in the middle of the valley; *gaudet,* rejoices.'

"'Exults, ara gal, exults is a betther word.'

"'*Gaudet,* exults; *acri equo,* upon his bitther horse.'

"'Oh, murther alive; his bitther horse, inagh? Erra, what would make a horse be bitther, Jim? Sure 'tis not of sour beer he's talking! Rejoicin' upon a bitther horse! Dear knows what a show he was! what raison he had for it. *Acri equo,* upon his mettlesome steed; that's the consthruction.'

"Jim proceeded:

"'*Acri equo,* upon his mettlesome steed; *jamque,* and now; *præterit,* he goes beyond—'

"'Outsthrips, achree!'

"'*Præterit,* he outhstrips; *hos,* these; *jamque illos,* and now those; *cursu,* in his course; *que,* and; *optat,* he longs—'

"'Very good, Jim; *longs* is a very good word there; I thought you were going to say *wishes.* Did anybody tell you that?'

"'Dickens a one, Sir!'

"'That's a good boy. Well?'

"'*Optat,* he longs; *spumantum aprum,* that a foaming boar; *dari,* shall be given; *votis,* to his

desires; *aut fulvum leonum,* or that a tawny lion—'

"'That's a good word agin. *Tawny* is a good word; betther than yellow.'

"'*Decendere,* shall descend; *monte,* from the mountain.'

"'Now, boys, observe the beauty of the poet. There's great nature in the picture of the boy Ascanius. Just the same way as we see young Misther Keiley, of the Grove, at the fox-chase the other day, leadin' the whole of 'em right and left, *jamque hos, jamque illos,* an' now Misther Cleary, an' now Captain Davis, he outsthripped in his course. A beautiful picture, boys, there is in them four lines, of a fine high-blooded youth. Yes, people are always the same; times an' manners change, but the heart o' man is the same now as it was in the day of Augustus. But consther your task, Jim, an' then I give you an' the boys a little commentary upon its beauties.'

"The boy obeyed, and read as far as *prætexit nomine culpam,* after which the assistant proceeded to pronounce his little commentary. Unwilling to deprive the literary world of any advantage which the mighty monarch of the Roman epopee may derive from his analysis, we subjoin the speech without any abridgment.

"'Now, boys, for what I told ye. Them seven-

teen lines that Jim Naughtin consthered this minute contains as much as fifty in a modhern book. I pointed out to ye before the picture of Ascanius, an' I'll back it again the world for nature. Then there's the incipient storm:

"'Interea magno misceri murmure cœlum
Incipit.'

Erra! don't be talkin', but listen to that! There's a rumbling in the language like the sound of comin' thundher—

"'—insequitur conmixta grandine nimbus.'

D'ye hear the change? D'ye hear all the s's? D'ye hear 'em whistlin'? D'ye hear the black squall comin' up the hill-side, brushin' up the dust and dhry leaves off the road, and hissin' through the threes and bushes? An' d'ye hear the hail dhriven afther, and spattherin' the laves, and whitenin' the face o' the counthry? *Conmixta grandine nimbus!* That I mightn't sin, but when I read them words, I gather my head down between my shouldhers, as if it was hailin' a top o' me. An' then the sighth of all the huntin' party! Dido, an' the Throjans, an' all the great court ladies and the Tyrian companions

scatthered like cracked people about the place, lookin' for shelther, and peltin' about right and left, hether and thether in all directions for the bare life, an' the floods swellin' an' coming, an' thundherin' down in rivers from the mountains, an' all in three lines:

"'Et Tyrii comites passim, et Trojana juventus
Dardaniusque nepos Veneris, diversa per agros
Tecta metû petiere: ruunt de montibus amnes.'

An' see the beauty of the poet, follownin' up the character of Ascanius; he makes him the last to quit the field. First the Tyrian comrades, an effeminate race, that ran at the sighth of a shower, as if they were made o' salt, that they'd melt under it; an' then the Throjan youth, lads that were used to it in the first book; an' last of all the spirited boy Ascánius himself. (Silence near the doore!)

'"Speluncam Dido, dux et Trojanus eandem,'
Deveniunt.

Observe, boys, he no longer calls him as of old, the *pius Æneas*, only *Dux Trojanus*, the Throjan laidher, an' 'tis he that was the laidher and the lad; see the taste of the poet not to call him the pious Æneas now, nor even mention his name, as if he were half

ashamed of him, knowin' well what a lad he had to dale with. There's where Virgil took the crust out o' Homer's mouth in the nateness of his language, that you'd gather a part o' the feelin' from the very shape o' the line an' turn o' the prosody. As formerly, when Dido was askin' Æneas concernin' where he come from, an' where he was born? He makes answer:

"'Est locus Hesperiam Graii cognomine dicunt:
Terra antiqua, potens armis atque ubere glebæ,
Huc cursus fuit:'

An' there the line stops short, as much as to say, just as I cut this line short in spakin' to you just so our coorse was cut, in going to Italy. The same way, when Juno is vexed in talkin' o' the Throjans, he makes her spake bad Latin to show how mad she is: (Silence!)

"'—Mene incepto desistere victam
Nec posse Italia Teucrorum avertere regem?
Quippe vetor fatis! Pallasne exurere classem
Argivûm, atque ipsos potuit submergere ponto.'

So he laves you to guess what a passion she is in, when he makes her lave an infinitive mood without anything to govern it. You can't attribute it to

ignorance, for it would be a dhroll thing in airnest, if Juno the queen of all the gods didn't know a common rule in syntax, so that you have nothing for it but to say that she must be the very moral of a jury. Such, boys, is the art o' poets, an' the janius o' languages.

"But I kept ye long enough. Go along to ye'r Greek now, as fast as ye can, an' reharse. An' as for ye," continued the learned commentator, turning to the mass of English scholars, "I see one comin' over the river that'll taich ye how to behave yerselves, as it is a thing ye won't do for me. Put up yer Virgils now, boys, an' out with the Greek, an' remember the beauties I pointed out to ye, for they're things that few can explain to ye, if ye hav'n't the luck to think of 'em yerselves."

"The class separated, and a hundred anxious eyes were directed towards the open door. It afforded a glimpse of a sunny green, and a babbling river, over which Mr. Lenigan, followed by his brother David, was now observed in the act of picking his cautious way. At this apparition a sudden change took place in the condition of the entire school. Stragglers flew to their places; the impatient burst of laughter was cut short; the growing fit of rage was quelled; the uplifted hand dropped harmless by the side of its owner; merry faces grew serious;

and angry ones peaceable; the eyes of all seemed poring on their books; and the extravagant uproar of the last half hour was hushed on a sudden into a diligent murmur. Those who were most proficient in the study of 'the Masther's' physiognomy detected in the expression of his eyes as he entered and greeted his assistant, something of a troubled and uneasy character. He took the list with a severe countenance, from the hands of the boy abovementioned, sent all those whose names he found upon the fatal record to kneel down in a corner until he should find leisure to 'hoise' them, and then prepared to enter upon his daily functions."

For the present, however, the delinquents are saved by the entrance of a fresh character upon the scene.

"The new-comer was a handsome young woman who carried a pet child in her arms and held another by the hand. . The sensation of pleasure which ran among the young culprits at her appearance showed her to be their 'great Captain's Captain,' the beloved and loving helpmate of Mr. Lenigan. Casting, unperceived by her lord, an encouraging smile towards the kneeling culprits, she took an opportunity while engaged in a wheedling conversation with her husband, to purloin his deal

rule and to blot out the list of the proscribed from the slate, after which she stole out calling David to dig the potatoes for dinner."

And so, we too will leave the school.

VII.

MOCK-HEROIC POETRY.

JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE.

Long before "Beppo" the experiment of imitating the well-known Italian school, which unites so strangely the wildest romance of chivalry with pungent satire and good-humoured pleasantry, had been successfully tried by John Hookham Frere, one of Mr. Canning's most brilliant coadjutors in the poetry of the "Anti-Jacobin." The mock-heroic in question bore the curious title of "*Prospectus and Specimen of an intended National Work, by William and Robert Whistlecroft of Stow-market, in Suffolk, Harness and Collar-Makers. Intended to comprise the most Interesting Particulars relating to King Arthur and his Round-*

Table." Two cantos were published by Mr. Murray in 1817; and a third and fourth rapidly followed. The success was decided; but the poem has been long out of print, and is now amongst the scarcest book in modern literature.

To attempt to tell the story of a poem which travels backward and forward from knights to giants and from giants to monks, no sooner interesting you in one set of personages than he casts then off to fly to other scenes and other actors. would be a fruitless task. Who would venture to trace the adventures of the Orlando Furioso? and Mr. Frere, in imitating the "Morgante Maggiore," and other parodies of the great poet of romance, has won for himself the privilege of wandering at pleasure over the whole realm of chivalrous fable, and makes the best use of that privilege by being often picturesque, often amusing and never wearisome.

The poem opens with a feast given by King Arthur at Carlisle to his knights, who are thus described:

They looked a manly generous generation,
Beards, shoulders, eyebrows, broad and square and thick;
Their accents firm and loud in conversation
Their eyes and gestures eager, sharp and quick,
Showed them prepared on proper provocation
To give the lie, pull noses, stab and kick;

And for that very reason it is said
They were so very courteous and well-bred.

Then come the giants, living in a valley near Carlisle. The description of this place affords an excellent opportunity for displaying Mr. Frere's command over a higher order of poetry.

Huge mountains of immeasurable height
Encompassed all the level valley round
With mighty slabs of rocks, that stood upright,
An insurmountable and enormous mound.
The very river vanished out of sight,
Absorbed in secret channels underground;
That vale was so sequestered and secluded
All search for ages past it had eluded.
A rock was in the centre, like a cone
Abruptly rising from a miry pool,
Where they beheld a hill of massy stone,
Which masons of the rude primæval school
Had reared by help of giant hands alone,
With rocky fragments unreduced by rule;
Irregular, like nature more than art,
Huge, rugged, and compact in every part.
A wild tumultuous torrent raged around
Of fragments tumbling from the mountain's height;
The whistling clouds of dust, the deafening sound,
The hurried motion that amazed the sight,
The constant quaking of the solid ground,
Environed them with phantoms of affright;
Yet with heroic hearts they held right on
Till the last point of their ascent was won.

The giants who dwelt in this romantic spot had captured some ladies whom the knights thought it their duty to deliver. They overcame the grisly warriors as a matter of course, and the state in which they find the fair prisoners is related in a stanza of which the concluding couplet bears some resemblance to a well-known transition in "Don Juan:"

The ladies! They were tolerably well,
At least as well as could be well expected:
Many details I must forbear to tell
Their toilet had been very much neglected;
But by supreme good luck it so befel
That, when the castle's capture was effected,
When those vile cannibals were overpowered
Only two fat duennas were devoured.

In the third book, according to the universal practice of the Italian poets, the story takes a backward leap, and recounts a previous feud between the giants and the inhabitants of a neighbouring monastery. A certain monk, Brother John by name, who had gone out alone to fish in a stream near the Abbey is luckily enabled to give notice to the brethren of the approach of their enemies. The scene of his sport is finely described—

A mighty current, unconfined and free,
Ran wheedling round beneath the mountain's shade,

Battering its wave-worn base; but you might see
On the near margin many a watery glade,
Becalmed beneath some little island's lee,
All tranquil and transparent, close embayed;
Reflecting in the deep serene and even
Each flower and herb, and every cloud of heaven.
The painted king-fisher, the branch above her
Hard in the steadfast mirror fixed and true;
Anon the fitful breezes brood and hover
Freshening the surface with a rougher hue;
Spreading, withdrawing, pausing, passing over,
Again returning to retire anew:
So rest and motion in a narrow range
Feasted the sight with joyous interchange.

A stout resistance is made by the monks, and the giants at length withdraw from the scene of action:

And now the gates are opened, and the throng
Forth issuing the deserted camp survey;
"Here Murdomack and Mangonel the strong
And Gorbuduc were lodged, and here," they say
"This pigstye to Poldavy did belong;
Here Bundleback and here Phigander lay."
They view the deep indentures, broad and round,
Which mark their postures squatting on the ground.
Then to the traces of gigantic feet,
Huge, wide apart, with half a dozen toes;
They track them on, till they converge and meet
(An earnest and assurance of repose)

Close at the ford. The cause of this retreat
They all conjecture, but no creature knows;
It was ascribed to causes multifarious,
To saints, as Jerom, George, and Januarius,
To their own pious founder's intercession,
To Ave-Maries and our Lady's Psalter;
To news that Friar John was in possession,
To new wax-candles placed upon the altar,
To their own prudence, valour and discretion:
To reliques, rosaries, and holy water;
To beads and psalms, and feats of arms;—in short
There was no end of their accounting for't.

. .

In the last volume of Mr. Lockhart's "Life of Sir Walter Scott," is a very interesting account of the delight which the great minstrel took to the last in Mr. Frere's spirited versions of the old Spanish ballads. "In speaking of Mr. Frere's translations he repeated a pretty long passage from his version of one of the romances of the Cid (published in the Appendix to Southey's Quarto), and seemed to enjoy a spirited charge of the knights therein described, as much as he could have done in his best days; placing his walking-stick in rest like a lance, to suit the action to the word."—*Extract from Mrs. John Davy's Journal of Sir Walter Scott's residence in Malta.*

The following is the passage referred to—

The gates were then thrown open, and forth at once they rushed,
The outposts of the Moorish hosts back to the camp were pushed;
The camp was all in tumult, and there was such a thunder
Of cymbals and of drums, as if earth would cleave in sunder,
There you might see the Moors arming themselves in haste,
And the two main battles how they were forming fast,
Horsemen and footmen mixed, a countless troop and vast...
The Moors are moving forward, the battle soon must join:
"My men stand here in order, ranged upon a line!
Let not a man move from his rank before I give the sign."
Pero Bermuez heard the word, but he could not refrain,
He held the banner in his hand, he gave his horse the rein:
"You see yon foremost squadron there, the thickest of the foes
Noble Cid, God be your aid, for there your banner goes!
Let him who serves and honours it show the duty that he owes."
Earnestly the Cid called out: "For Heaven's sake be still!"
Bermuez cried, "I cannot hold!" so eager was his will.
He spurred his horse and drove him on amid the Moorish rout;
They strove to win the banner, and compassed him about.
Had not his armour been so true, he had lost either life or limb;
The Cid called out again: "For Heaven's sake succour him!"

Their shields before their breasts forth at once they go,
Their lances in the rest levelled fair and low,
Their heads all stooping down towards the saddle-bow.
The Cid was in the midst, his shout was heard afar,
"I am Ruy Diaz, the champion of Bivar!
Strike among them, gentlemen, for sweet Mercy's sake!"
Then where Bermuez fought amidst the foe they brake;
Three hundred bannered knights, it was a gallant show,
Three hundred Moors they killed, a man at every blow!
When they wheeled and turned, as many more lay slain,
You might see them raise their lances, and level them again,
There you might see the breast-plates, how they were cleft in twain,
And many a Moorish shield lie scattered on the plain.
The pennons that were white marked with a crimson stain,
The horses running wild whose riders had been slain.

Mr. Frere's familiarity with Spanish literature probably took its rise from his employment in various diplomatic missions during the Peninsular war; but his great achievement as a translator is of a far higher and more difficult order. The following specimen of his version of "The Frogs" of Aristophanes will show how completely he has contrived to naturalise the wit and humour of the old Athenian dramatist. The passage about "full and equal franchise" might pass for a translation from half a dozen modern languages at the present hour:

RANÆ.

Chorus.

Muse attend our solemn summons,
And survey the assembled Commons
Congregated as they sit,
An enormous mass of wit,
—Full of genius taste and fire,
Jealous pride and critic ire—
Cleophon among the rest
(Like the swallow from her nest
A familiar foreign bird)
Chatters loud and will be heard,
(With the accent and the grace
Which he brought with him from Thrace)
But we fear the tuneful strain
Must be turned to grief and pain;
He must sing a dirge perforce
When his trial takes its course;
We shall hear him moan and wail
Like the plaintive nightingale.

It behoves the sacred Chorus and of right to them belongs,
To suggest sagacious councils in their verses and their songs.
In performance of our office we suggest with all humility
A proposal for removing groundless fears and disability;

* * * * *

Better would it be, believe us, casting off revenge and pride,
To receive as friends and kinsmen all that combat on our side

Into full and equal franchise: on the other hand we fear
If your hearts are filled with fancies, proud, captious and severe,
While the shock of instant danger threatens shipwreck to the State
Such resolves will be lamented and repented of too late.

If the Muse foresees at all
What in future will befall
Dirty Cleigenes the small—
He the scoundrel at the bath—
Will not long escape from scath,
But must perish by and by,
With his potash and his lye,
And his soap and scouring ball,
And his washes, one or all;
Therefore he can never cease
To declaim against a peace.

These two portraits of Cleophon and Cleiganes are so graphic, that they might serve H.B. as models for a caricature. What follows introduces the celebrated contest for supremacy between Æschylus and Euripides. The scene is laid in the Infernal Regions:

Enter XANTHIAS *and* ÆACUS.

ÆACUS.

By Jupiter! but he's a gentleman
That master of yours.

XANTHIAS.

A gentleman! to be sure he is;
Why he does nothing else but wench and drink.

ÆACUS.

His never striking you when you took his name,—
Outfacing him and contradicting him!

XANTHIAS.

It might have been worse for him if he had.

ÆACUS.

Well, that's well-spoken, like a true-bred slave.
It's just the sort of language I delight in.

XANTHIAS.

You love excuses?

ÆACUS.

Yes, but I prefer
Cursing my master quietly in private.

XANTHIAS.

Mischief you're fond of?

ÆACUS.

Very fond, indeed.

XANTHIAS.

What think ye of muttering as you leave the room
After a beating?

ÆACUS.

Why that's pleasant too.

XANTHIAS.

By Jove it is! But listening at the door
To hear their secrets?

ÆACUS.

Oh! there's nothing like it!

XANTHIAS.

And then the reporting them in the neighbourhood.

ÆACUS.

That's beyond everything, that's quite ecstatic.

XANTHIAS.

Well, give me your hand, and there, take mine,—and buss me,
And there again—and tell me, for Jupiter's sake,—
For he's the patron of our kicks and beatings—
What's all that noise and bustle and abuse
Within there?

ÆACUS.

Æschylus and Euripides only.

XANTHIAS.

Ha?

ÆACUS.

Why there's a custom we have established
In favour of professors of the arts.
When any one, the first man in his line
Comes down amongst us here, he stands entitled
To privilege and precedence, with a seat
At Pluto's royal board.

XANTHIAS.

I understand you.

ÆACUS.

So he maintains it, till there comes a better
Of the same sort, and then resigns it up.

XANTHIAS.

But why should Æschylus be disturbed at this?

ÆACUS.

He held the seat for Tragedy, as being master
In that profession.

XANTHIAS.

Well, and who's there now?

ÆACUS.

He kept it till Euripides appeared;
But he collected audiences about him,
And flourished and exhibited and harangued
Before the thieves, and housebreakers, and rogues,
Cut-purses, cheats and vagabonds and villains,
That make the mass of population here;
And they—being quite transported and delighted
With all his subtleties, and niceties,
Equivocations, quibbles and so forth,
Evasions and objections and replies,—
In short—they raised an uproar, and declared him
Archpoet, by a general acclamation.
And he with this grew proud and confident,
And laid a claim to the seat where Æschylus sate.

XANTHIAS.

And did not he get pelted for his pains?

ÆACUS.

Why, no.—The mob called out, and it was carried
To have a public trial of skill between them.

XANTHIAS.

You mean the mob of scoundrels that you mentioned?

ÆACUS.

Scoundrels, indeed! Ay, scoundrels without number

XANTHIAS.

But Æschylus must have had good friends and hearty.

ÆACUS.

Yes; but good men are scarce, both here and elsewhere.

XANTHIAS.

Well, what has Pluto settled to have done?

ÆACUS.

To have a trial and examination
In public.

XANTHIAS.

But how comes it, Sophocles?
Why does not he put in his claim amongst them?

ÆACUS.

No, no, not he!—the moment he came down here
He went up and saluted Æschylus,
And kissed his cheek and took his hand quite kindly;
And Æschylus edged a little from his chair
To give him room; so now, the story goes,
(At least I had it from Cleidemides),
He means to attend there as a stander-by,
Professing to take up the conqueror.
If Æschylus gets the better,—well and good,
He gives up his pretensions;—but, if not
He'll stand a trial, he says, against Euripides.

It is impossible for any translator to give a more perfect rendering of comedy. The facility, the flow, the living, breathing, chattering impudence of the two slaves is inimitably lively and true. It may be doubted if Sheridan knew much about Aristophanes, but following the same great model, Nature, he has produced a companion scene to this dialogue in the opening of "The Rivals." The compliment to Sophocles and Æschylus is very graceful. Bacchus, the appointed judge, now enters, accompanied by the rival bards, and the contest begins—

Chorus.

Here beside you, here are we
Eager all to hear and see
This abstruse and curious battle,
Of profound and learned prattle,
—But as it appears to me,
Thus the course of it will be;
That the junior and appellant
Will advance as the assailant,
Aiming shrewd satiric darts
At his rival's noble parts,
And, with sallies sharp and keen,
Try to wound him in the spleen;
While the veteran rends and raises
Rifted rough uprooted phrases.
Wields them like a thrashing staff,
And dispels the dust and chaff.

BACCHUS.

Come now begin and speak away; but first I give you warning
That all your language and discourse must be genteel and clever
Without abusive similes, or common vulgar joking.

EURIPIDES.

At the first outset I forbear to state my own pretensions;
Hereafter I shall mention them when his have been refuted;
And after I have proved and shown how he abused and cheated
The rustic audience that he found, which Phrynichus has bequeathed him.
He planted first upon the stage a figure veiled and muffled,
An Achilles or a Niobe that never showed their faces,
But kept a tragic attitude without a word to utter.

BACCHUS.

No more they did: it's very true.—

EURIPIDES.

In the meanwhile the Chorus
Strung on ten strophes right an end, but they remained in silence.

BACCHUS.

I liked that silence well enough; as well perhaps or better
Than those new talking characters.

EURIPIDES.

That's from your want of judgment,
Believe me.

BACCHUS.

Why perhaps it is;—but what was his intention?

EURIPIDES.

Why mere conceit and insolence;—to keep the people
waiting
Till Niobe should deign to speak, to drive his drama forward.

BACCHUS.

O what a rascal! Now I see the tricks he used to play me.
[*To Æschylus, who is showing signs of indignation by various contortions.*]
—What makes you writhe and wince about?

EURIPIDES.

Because he feels my censures:
Then having dragged and drawled along half way to the conclusion
He foisted in a dozen words of noisy boisterous accent,
With "nodding plumes and shaggy brows," mere bugbears of the language,
That no man ever heard before.

ÆSCHYLUS.

Alas! alas!

BACCHUS. [*to Æschylus.*]

Have done there!

EURIPIDES.

His words were never clear or plain.

BACCHUS. [*to Æschylus.*]

Don't grind your teeth so strangely.

EURIPIDES.

But Bulwarks and Scamanders, and Hippogrifs, and Gorgons
"Embost on brazen bucklers" and grim remorseless phrases
Which nobody could understand.

BACCHUS.

Well, I confess for my part,
I used to keep awake at night, conjecturing and guessing
To think what kind of foreign bird he meant by Griffin-horses.

ÆSCHYLUS.

A figure on the heads of ships; you goose, you must have seen them.

BACCHUS.

I took it for Philoxenus, for my part, from the likeness.

EURIPIDES.

So! figures from the heads of ships are fit for tragic diction.

ÆSCHYLUS.

Well then, thou paltry wretch, explain—What were thy own devices?

EURIPIDES.

Not stories about flying stags, like yours, and griffin-horses;
Nor terms nor images derived from tapestry Persian hangings.
When I received the Muse from you, I found her puffed and pampered
With pompous sentences and terms, a cumbrous huge virago.
My first attention was applied to make her look genteelly,
And bring her to a moderate bulk by dint of lighter diet.
I fed her with plain household phrase, and cool familiar salad,
With water-gruel episode, with sentimental jelly,
With moral mince-meat; till at length I brought her within compass:
Cephisophon, who was my cook, contrived to make them relish.
I kept my plots distinct and clear; and to prevent confusion
My leading characters rehearsed their pedigrees for prologues.

ÆSCHYLUS.

'Twas well at least that you forbore to quote your own extraction.

(This is a most characteristic bit of Athenian malice. Euripides was illegitimate).

EURIPIDES.

From the first opening of the scene, all persons were in action:
The master spoke, the slave replied;—the women, old and young ones,
All had their equal share of talk.

ÆSCHYLUS.

Come then, stand forth and tell us
What forfeit less than death is due for such an innovation?

EURIPIDES.

I did it upon principle, from democratic motives.

BACCHUS.

Take care, my friend; upon that ground your footing is but ticklish.

EURIPIDES.

I taught these youths to speechify.

ÆSCHYLUS.

I say so too. Moreover
I say, that for the public good, you ought to have been hanged first.

EURIPIDES.

The rules and forms of rhetoric; the laws of composition;
To prate, to state, and in debate to meet a question fairly;
At a dead lift to turn and shift; to make a nice distinction.

ÆSCHYLUS.

I grant it all; I make it all my ground of accusation.

EURIPIDES.

The whole in cases and concerns, occurring and recurring,
At every turn and every day, domestic and familiar;
So that the audience, one and all, from personal experience,
Were competent to judge the piece and form a fair opinion
Whether my scenes and sentiments agreed with truth and nature.
I never took them by surprise, to storm their understandings
With Memnons and Tydides's and idle rattle-trappings
Of battle-steeds and clattering shields, to scare them from their senses.
But for a test (perhaps the best) our pupils and adherents
May be distinguished instantly by person and behaviour:
His are Phormisius the rough, Meganefes the gloomy,
Hobgoblin-headed, trumpet-mouthed, grim-visaged, ugly-bearded;
But mine are Cleitophon the smooth, Theramenes the gentle.

BACCHUS.

Theramenes! a clever hand, an universal genius;
I never found him at a loss, in all the turns of party,
To change his watch-word at a word, or at a moment's warning.

EURIPIDES.

Thus it was that I began
With a nicer, neater plan;

Teaching men to look about,
Both within doors and without;
To direct their own affairs
And their house and household wares;
Marking everything amiss—
"Where is that? and What is this?
This is broken—That is gone;"—
'Tis the system and the tone.

BACCHUS.

Yes, by Jove! and now we see
Citizens of each degree,
That the moment they come in
Raise an uproar and a din,
Rating all the servants round:
"If it's lost it must be found.
Why was all the garlic wasted?
There that honey has been tasted;
And these olives pilfered here.
Where's the pot we bought last year?
What's become of all the fish?
Which of you has broke the dish?"
Thus it is; but heretofore
They sat them down to doze and snore.

Nothing is more remarkable in this scene, than the skill with which the poet has made Euripides, all along the chief object of his satire, expose his own faults in the very speeches in which he affects to magnify his merits. The translation is far above my praise, but as a woman privileged to avow

her want of learning, it may be permitted to express the gratitude which the whole sex owes to the late illustrious scholar, who has enabled us to penetrate to the heart of one of the scholar's deepest mysteries; and to become acquainted with something more than the name of Aristophanes.

VIII.

AUTHORS ASSOCIATED WITH PLACES.

LORD CLARENDON—GEOFFREY CHAUCER—JOHN HUGHES.

Of all places connected with the Great Civil War, none retains traces more evident and complete of its ravages than the beautiful district which a tolerable pedestrian may traverse in a morning walk, and which comprises the site of the two battles of Newbury, and the ruins of Donnington Castle, one of the most memorable sieges of the Parliamentary Army.

I went over that most interesting ground (not, however, on foot) on one of the most brilliant days of the last brilliant autumn, with the very companion for such an excursion: one who has shown in his "Boscobel" how well he can unite the most careful and accurate historical research with the rarer power

which holds attention fixed upon the page; and who, possessing himself a fine old mansion at the foot of the Castle Hill, and having a good deal of the old cavalier feeling in his own character, takes an interest almost personal in the events and the places of the story.

The first of these engagements took place, according to Clarendon, on the 18th of September, 1643, and has been most minutely related by contemporary writers, the noble historian of the Rebellion, Oldmixon, Heath, the anonymous author of "The Memoirs of Lord Essex," and many others, varying as to certain points, according to their party predilections, but agreeing in the main. A very brief summary must answer my purpose.

Charles commanded the Royalists in person, whilst the Parliamentary forces were led by Essex, the King's object being to intercept the enemy, and prevent his reaching London. The common, then and now called "The Wash," was, together with the neighbouring lanes, the principal scene of the combat. The line of road has been in some measure altered, still sufficient indications remain to localise the several incidents of this hotly-contested field. Essex, assailed on his march from Hungerford by the fiery Rupert the evening before, encamped on the open common, "impatient," as one of the Commonwealth narrators says, "of the sloth of darkness," all the more so

that the King is said to have sent the Earl a challenge to give battle the next day. On that day the great battle took place, when the valour of the raw and undisciplined train-bands, the citizen-soldiers, so much despised by the cavaliers, withstood the chivalry of the royal army, and enabled the General, although hotly pursued for several miles, and furiously charged by Prince Rupert, who had three horses killed under him that day, to accomplish his object, and conduct his troops to London.

Essex, previous to his advance towards Reading, sent a "ticket" to Mr. Fulke, the minister of Enborne parish, commanding him to bury all the dead on either side; and three huge mounds still attest the compliance of the clergyman with an order worthy of a Christian soldier. His Majesty, hearing of the "pious wish" of the Lord-General, issued his warrant to the Mayor of Newbury for the recovery of the wounded. Rival historians differ as to the number of the killed. But it seems certain that the loss of the Parliamentarians amounted to more than five hundred; and that on the King's part not fewer than a thousand were wounded and slain. Amongst them fell many distinguished loyalists—above all, the young, the accomplished, the admirable Lord Falkland, he who, for talent and virtue, might be called the Hampden of his party, and who, like Hampden, left no equal behind.

The night before the battle he had slept at the house of Mr. Head, whom my companion (a man of ancient family and high connections) was proud to claim among his ancestry; and tradition says, that being convinced that an engagement the next day was inevitable, and being strongly impressed with the presentiment that it would prove fatal to himself, he determined, in order to be fully prepared for the event, to receive the sacrament. Accordingly very early on the morning of the battle it was administered to him by the clergyman of Newbury, and Mr. Head and the whole family, by Lord Falkland's particular wish, were present. It is also related that his corpse, a few hours afterwards, was brought slung on a horse, and deposited in the Town Hall, from whence it was subsequently removed for interment.

Such strong impressions of coming death were not uncommon in that age to men of imaginative temperament. But it is not improbable that Lord Falkland, in that hour of danger, remembered a prediction which had come across him strangely not many years before, and which is thus related:

"Whilst he was with the King at Oxford, his Majesty went one day to see the library, where he was showed, among other books, a 'Virgil,' nobly printed and exquisitely bound. The Lord Falkland, to divert the King, would have his Majesty make a

trial of the Sortes Virgilianæ, an usual kind of divination in ages past, made by opening a 'Virgil.' The King, opening the book, the passage which happened to come up was that part of Dido's imprecation against Æneas, Æn. IV. 615, &c., which is thus translated by Dryden:

"'Oppressed with numbers in the unequal field,
His men discouraged, and himself dispelled,
Let him for succour sue from place to place,
Torn from his subjects, and his son's embrace.'

"King Charles seeming concerned at this accident, the Lord Falkland, who observed it, would likewise try his own fortune in the same manner, hoping that he might fall upon some passage that could have no relation to his case, and thereby divert the King's thoughts from any impression the other might make upon him; but the place Lord Falkland stumbled upon was yet more suited to his destiny than the other had been to the King's, being the following expressions of Evander upon the untimely death of his son, Pallas, Æn. XI. 152:

"'O Pallas! thou hast failed thy plighted word!
To fight with caution, not to tempt the sword,
I warned thee, but in vain; for well I knew
What perils youthful ardour would pursue;

That boiling blood would carry thee too far,
Young as thou wert in dangers, raw to war.
O curst essay of arms! disastrous doom!
Prelude of bloody fields and fights to come!'"

Charles was notoriously superstitious; and we may well imagine, that besides the grief of losing the noble adherent, whose very presence conferred honour and dignity on his cause, a strong personal feeling must have pressed upon him as he recollected the double prophecy, one half of which had been so fatally fulfilled.

I could not choose a better specimen of Clarendon, that great master of historical portrait-painting, than his character of Lord Falkland. The writer who so immortalises another, gains immortality himself:

"In this unhappy battle was slain the Lord Viscount Falkland, a person of such prodigious parts of learning and knowledge, of that inimitable sweetness and delight in conversation, of so flowing and obliging a humanity and goodness to mankind, and of that primitive simplicity and integrity of life, that if there were no other brand upon this odious and accursed civil war than that single loss is, it must be most infamous and accursed to all posterity.

"Before this parliament, his condition of life was so happy that it was hardly capable of improvement.

Before he came to twenty years of age he was master of a noble fortune, which descended to him by the gift of a grandfather. His education for some years had been in Ireland, where his father was Lord-Deputy; so that when he returned into England, to the possession of his fortune, he was unentangled with any acquaintance or friends, which usually grow up by the custom of conversation, and therefore was to make a pure election of his company, which he chose by other rules than were prescribed to the young nobility of that time. And it cannot be denied, though he admitted some few to his friendship for the agreeableness of their manners and their undoubted affection to him, that his familiarity and friendship for the most part was with men of the most eminent and sublime parts, and of untouched reputation in point of integrity, and such men had a title to his bosom.

"He was a great cherisher of wit, and fancy, and good parts in any man; and if he found them clouded with poverty or want, a most liberal and bountiful patron towards them, even above his fortune; of which in those administrations he was such a dispenser as if he had been trusted with it to such uses; and if there had been the least of vice in his expense, he might have been thought too prodigal. He was constant and pertinacious in whatsoever he resolved to do, and not to be wearied by any pains

that were necessary to that end; and therefore having once resolved not to see London, which he loved above all other places, till he had perfectly learned the Greek tongue, he went to his own house in the country, and pursued it with that indefatigable industry, that it will not be believed in how short a time he was master of it, and had accurately read all the Greek historians.

"In this time his house being within little more than ten miles of Oxford, he contracted familiarity and friendship with the most polite and accurate men of that University, who found such an immenseness of wit, and such a solidity of judgment in him, so infinite a fancy, bound in by a most logical ratiocination, such a vast knowledge, that he was not ignorant in anything, yet such an excessive humility as if he had known nothing, that they frequently resided and dwelt with him, as in a college, situated in a purer air; so that his house was a University in a less volume, where they came not so much for repose as for study, and to examine and reform those grosser propositions, which laziness and consent made current in vulgar conversation.

* * * * *

"He was superior to all those passions and affections which attend vulgar minds, and was

guilty of no other ambition than of knowledge and to be reputed a lover of all good men; and that made him too much a contemner of those acts which must be indulged in the transactions of human affairs. In the last short parliament he was a burgess in the House of Commons. * * * The great opinion he had of the uprightness and integrity of those persons who appeared most active, especially of Mr. Hampden, kept him longer from suspecting any design against the peace of the kingdom; and though he differed from them commonly in conclusions, he believed long their purposes were honest. When he grew better informed what was law, and discerned in them a desire to control that law by a vote of one or both Houses, no man more opposed their attempts, or gave the adverse party more trouble by reason and argumentation; insomuch as he was by degrees looked upon as an advocate for the Court; to which he contributed so little that he declined more addresses and even those invitations which he was obliged almost by civility to entertain. And he was so jealous of the least imagination that he should incline to preferment, that he affected even a moroseness to the Court and to the courtiers, and left nothing undone which might prevent and divert the King's or Queen's favour to him but the deserving it.

* * * * *

"He had a courage of the most clear and keen temper, and so far from fear that he seemed not without some appetite of danger; and therefore upon an occasion of action he always engaged his person in those troops which he thought by the forwardness of the commanders to be most like to be farthest engaged; and in all such encounters he had about him an extraordinary cheerfulness, without at all affecting the execution that usually attended them; in which he took no delight, but took pains to prevent it when it was not by resistance made necessary; insomuch that at Edge-hill, when the enemy was routed, he was like to have incurred great peril, by interposing to save those who had thrown away their arms, and against whom it may be others were more fierce for their having thrown them away; so that a man might think he came into the field chiefly out of curiosity to see the face of danger, and to prevent the shedding of blood. Yet in his natural inclination he acknowledged he was addicted to the profession of a soldier; and shortly after he came to his fortune, before he was of age, he went into the Low Countries with a resolution of procuring command to give himself up to it; from which he was diverted by the complete inactivity of that summer; so he returned again into England, and shortly after entered upon that vehement course of study we mentioned

before, till the first alarm from the north; then again he made ready for the field, and though he received some repulse in the command of a troop of horse of which he had a promise, he went a volunteer with the Earl of Essex.

"From the entrance into this unnatural war his natural vivacity grew clouded, and a kind of sadness and dejection of spirit stole upon him which he had never been used to. * * * * This grew into a perfect habit of uncheerfulness; and he who had been so exactly easy and affable to all men, that his face and countenance was always present and vacant to his company, and held any cloudiness and less pleasantness of the visage a kind of moroseness or incivility, became on a sudden less communicable; and thence very sad, pale, and exceedingly affected with the spleen. In his clothes and habit, which he had minded before with more neatness and industry and expense than is usual to so great a soul, he was not now only incurious but too negligent; and in his reception of suitors and the necessary or casual addresses to his place, so quick, and sharp, and severe, that there wanted not some men—strangers to his name and disposition—who believed him proud and imperious, from which no mortal man was ever more free.

* * * * *

"When there was any overture or hope of peace he would be more easy and vigorous, and exceedingly solicitous to press anything which he thought might promote it; and sitting among his friends often after a deep silence and frequent sighs, would with a shrill and sad accent ingeminate the word 'Peace! Peace!' and would passionately profess that the very agony of the war, and the calamities and desolation the kingdom did and must endure, took his sleep from him and would shortly break his heart!

* * * * *

"In the morning before the battle, as always upon action, he was very cheerful, and put himself into the first ranks of the Lord Byron's regiment, then advancing upon the enemy, who had lined the hedges on both sides with musketeers, from whence he was shot with a musket, and in the instant fell from his horse. * * * Thus died that incomparable young man in the four-and-thirtieth year of his age, having so much dispatched the true business of life, that the eldest rarely attain to that immense knowledge, and the youngest enter not into the world with more innocency: whosoever leads such a life needs be the less anxious upon how short warning it is taken from him."

I had thought to insert as a companion picture

Lord Clarendon's character of Hampden, but I find on reference that it does less justice to its subject and to its author. Such is party spirit!

The second battle of Newbury was fought about a twelvemonth after, the King having come to relieve Donnington Castle, and being suddenly attacked by Waller while at Mr. Doleman's house at Shaw.

I cannot attempt to give more than a brief description of the principal scene of action.

Shaw House is a stately specimen of Tudor architecture, with bay windows, porch and pinnacles, surrounded by magnificent trees, many of which must have been in existence two centuries ago, the clear bright stream of the Lamborne—that Lamborne which a thousand of the train-bands forded the morning of the combat — flowing peacefully through the park, and the entrenchments thrown up for the defence of the mansion, now forming the turfy boundaries of a bright flower-garden and a velvet bowling-green. A brass plate near an upper window now overhanging the brilliant beds of scarlet geraniums and golden calceolaria, mark the place where a cannon-ball lodged which was fired at the King as he was shaving in his chamber, and various other reliques of sharp attack and desperate resistance are carefully preserved in the house, the

condition of which, so perfect in its venerable antiquity, free alike from any symptom of decay or any token of modern renovation, does the highest honour to Mr. Eyre, the present possessor. It would be difficult to point to a spot that appeals more forcibly to the imagination, or is more fitted to be the scene of stirring deeds. Just so it might have looked when the forces of Waller appeared before it, and the train-bands, no longer the scoffed-at holiday soldiers, waded through the stream.

No great result followed: the King with Prince Charles, then a boy, maintaining his ground through the day, and retreating towards Oxford during the following night, but the general effect, as through the whole contest, was disastrous to his cause. Cromwell (for that no association may be wanting that great name appears on this occasion) accused Manchester in the Commons of having suffered the royal army to escape through cowardice and lukewarmness, adding that he himself went to him and showed how they might be defeated, and "desired him if he would give him leave with his own brigade of horse to charge the King's army in their retreat, and the Earl with the rest of his army might look on if he thought fit."

Although the result on the side of the Cavaliers was called by their enemies an escape, and must,

perhaps, be considered as a retreat, yet the Royalists could boast, as usual, many instances of individual bravery. Colonel Lisle in three successful charges near Shaw House, in the first charge "used for his field-word 'For the Crown;' in the second 'For Prince Charles;' in the third 'For the Duke of York.' Had the enemy returned he had resolved to have gone over all the King's children until he had not left one rebel to fight against the crown or the royal progeny." Lisle himself fought without defensive armour, and having laid aside his buff doublet, led on his men "in a good Holland shirt," a mode not uncommonly adopted by the Cavaliers for the purpose of inspiring their followers with courage and evincing their own contempt of danger.

The defence of Donnington Castle is one of the most memorable stories of this memorable war. Situate on an abrupt and lofty eminence this fortress, of which nothing now remains but two towers on either side of an arched gateway and a beautiful hall immediately behind the entrance, was of considerable importance as commanding the main roads between London and the West frequently traversed by the Parliamentarians, and the road between Oxford and Wallingford the royal strongholds.

A small garrison was thrown into it by the King

at the commencement of the contest; and although besieged with more or less activity to the end, Colonel Boys contrived to maintain the place till the very last, only surrendering it when every other fortress had yielded and all hope was lost. At one time Colonel Horton, after a long blockade, battered it with cannon for twelve days, beating down three towers and a part of the wall. He then summoned the Governor in form, offering quarter if the place were given up by twelve o'clock the next day. Boys treated this summons as he had done all former ones with contempt, and returned for answer that he would neither give nor receive quarter. The assaults of the besiegers were generally followed by sallies and skirmishes, and endeavours to take the place by sap were equally unsuccessful. A field near the Castle is still called Dalbier's Meadow in remembrance of one of the Parliamentary leaders who established a battery there; Fairfax himself was amongst the besiegers; and the day after the second battle of Newbury the whole army appeared before the Castle and summoned the Governor and his garrison to surrender it to them, or they would not leave one stone upon another; to which Sir John Boys (having no other means of reward, Charles appears to have knighted this brave soldier) returned this laconic and spirited answer: "That he was not

bound to repair the Castle, but by God's help he would keep the ground afterwards."

The siege however, with all its glories, forms but a part of the glory of Donnington. It is said upon evidence which appears incontestable, that the father of English poetry, almost of the English language, Geoffrey Chaucer, once gazed from this fair hill and inhabited these massive towers. Godwin, who certainly spared no pains in the investigation, and a host of biographers and antiquaries, assume it as an undoubted fact; and local tradition, no mean authority in local questions, comes in aid of their assertion. A noble grove of oaks about half way down the hill has always borne the name of Chaucer's Grove, and "Chaucer's Head" served as the sign of an old public-house which existed during the present century.

The scene is worthy of the poet. The old Castle stands on the brow of a lofty eminence, whose picturesque abruptness may in some places perhaps have been assisted by art, as the steepness of the hill must have formed the chief defence of the fortress. But nature has long resumed her rights. The precipitous ascent is everywhere carpeted with turf of the richest verdure, garlanded with hawthorn and trailing plants, and interspersed with forest trees of the noblest growth. The outer wall

of the Castle, enclosing the whole table-land of the hill-top, levelled with the earth in many places and ruinous in all, has been taken down and replaced by a lower fence composed of the original stones and clothed with evergreens surrounding a tasteful flower-garden. The towers too, although still bearing visible marks of the ravages of war, have been repaired and wreathed with ivy, and the care taken of this venerable ruin is most honourable to Mr. Hartley in whose family it has long been. One of the towers containing a geometrical staircase had its walls torn asunder, exposing the steep stone steps, although of such massive strength that it seems like rending a solid rock. The other, less injured by the besieging army, is pierced with loop-holes, mere slits on the outer side but gradually widening within; and there, no doubt, has stood many a marksman, matchlock in hand, picking off the Roundheads in the valley below.

These towers with their battlements, and the deep, arched entrance with the marks of the portcullis still visible and a basket of shot picked up about the place standing within the gate, speak of little but war in its sternest form; but the little hall, with its beautiful groined roof, and a certain mixture of rude splendour and homely comfort which makes it even now a most covetable apart-

ment, tells of the genial poet whose healthy, cordial, hearty spirit must have made him the delight of every board, and most especially of his own.

I was much tempted to extract some passage in harmony with this feeling; some bright and life-like portrait from the description of the Canterbury Pilgrims, or that inimitable character of the Good Parson, which amongst its innumerable merits has none higher than the proof it affords of Chaucer's own love of piety and virtue. But these fine fragments are too well known. I subjoin (taking no other freedom than that of changing the orthography) one of my own favourite bits, less familiar probably to the general reader, but full as it seems to me of tenderness, pathos and truth.

Custance and her infant are banished by her husband, and sent adrift in a vessel.

Weepen both young and old in all that place,
When that the King this cursed letter sent:
And Custance with a deadly palè face.
The fourthe day toward the ship she went;
But natheless she tak'th in good intent
The will of Christ, and kneeling on the strond
She saide: "Lord, aye welcome be thy sond.

He that me keptè from the false blame
While I was in the land amonges you,
He can me keep from harm and else from shame

In the salt sea, although I see not how;
As strong as ever he was, he is yet now:
In him trust I, and in his Mother dear;
That is to me my sail and eke my steer."

Her little child lay weeping in her arm;
And kneeling, piteously to him she said—
"Peace, little son, I will do thee no harm."
With that, her kerchief off her head she braid,
And over his little eyen she it laid,
And in her arm she lulleth it full fast,
And into th' Heaven her eyen up she cast.

'Mother,' quod she, 'and maiden bright Mary!
Soth is that thorough woman's eggment
Mankind was lorn, and damned aye to die,
For which thy child was on a cross yrent;
Thy blissful eyen saw all his torment;
Then is there no comparison between
Thy woe, and any woe men may sustain.

Thou saw'st thy child yslain before thine eyen,
And yet now liv'th my little child parfay:
Now, lady bright! to whom all woeful cryen,
Thou glory of womanhood, thou faire May!
Thou haven of refute, bright star of day!
Rue on my child, that of thy gentleness
Ruest on every rueful in distress.

'O little child; alas! what is thy guilt
That never wroughtest sin as yet, pardie?
Why will thy harde father have thee spilt?
O mercy, deare Constable!' quod she,
'As let my little child dwell here with thee;
And if thou dar'st not saven him from blame
So kiss him ones in his father's name.'

Therewith she looketh backward to the land
And saide, 'Farewell, husband rutheless!'
And up she rose and walketh down the strand
Toward the ship; her followeth all the press.
And ever she prayeth her child to hold his peace,
And tak'th her leave, and with holy intent
She blesseth her, and into the ship she went.

Victailled was the ship, it is no drede,
Abundantly for her a full long space;
And other necessaries that should need
She had enow, heried be Godde's grace:
For wind and weather Almighty God purchase,
And bring her home! I can no better say,
But in the sea she driveth forth her way.

It must be remembered that both the poet and the heroine were Roman Catholics, and that a Roman Catholic mother would naturally pray to the Virgin for her child.

I could not help wondering, as my kind host and I stood together under that groined roof, whether any of the monks of Chaucer's day — for in Chaucer's time there was an ecclesiastical establishment at the bottom of the hill on whose foundation indeed, and probably comprising part of the walls, the beautiful mansion called the Priory now stands; I could not help wondering whether any of the monks of that day were as well suited to the old bard as its present master. would undoubtedly have proved; and from wondering I got to wishing that four centuries could have been annihilated and Geoffrey Chaucer and John Hughes have been placed each in his own residence with only that beautiful winding up-hill road between them; neighbours hardly a mile apart. How they would have given each other legend for legend, tale for tale, wisdom for wisdom, song for song, jest for jest! In his one great art Chaucer would of course have had the better—indeed of whom except of Shakspeare and Milton would he not? But my friend would have made it up in his infinite variety. To say nothing of the classical learning for which he has always been renowned, a scholar amongst scholars; does he not write and talk as a native nearly all the languages of Europe, all certainly that have a literature to tempt to the acquirement? Was not his "Provence and the Rhone" almost the only book ever praised in the "Waverley Novels?"

Does not he contrive in his journals to make his pen do double duty as sketcher and writer? And are not those pen and ink drawings of his something astonishing for spirit and truth? Is he not also an artist in wood, embroidering his oaken wainscots with every quirk and quiddity that comes into his head from a comic masque to an old English motto? Is he not such a reciter that he can make people laugh till they cry with his fun, and afraid to go to bed with his ghost stories? Can the very beasts of the field resist him? Did not he frighten me out of my wits, by calling around him all the wild cattle of Highclere from the box of his own carriage? Unhappy creatures! he enchanted them with his mimicry till they took him for one of themselves. Is there anything he cannot do? that is the fitter question. Cannot he, if he hears a German soldier in a barrack-yard singing an old song whilst polishing his musket, note down the air, retain the words, put them into English verse adapted to the tune, and sing it as heartily as the soldier could have done for the life of him? Did he not do so by the ballad of "Prince Eugene," said to have been composed words and air by one of the Prince's old troopers, and long as popular in the German army as "Tom Bowling" or "Tom Tough" amongst the British tars. Here is Mr. Hughes's version:

Prince Eugene, our noble leader,
Made a vow in death to bleed, or
Win the Emperor back Belgrade:
"Launch pontoons, let all be ready
To bear our ordnance safe and steady
Over the Danube"—thus he said.

There was mustering on the border
When our bridge in marching order
Breasted first the roaring stream:
Then at Semlin, vengeance breathing,
We encamped to scourge the heathen
Back to Mahound and fame redeem.

'Twas on August one and twenty,
Scouts with glorious tidings plenty
Galloped in through storm and rain;
Turks they swore three hundred thousand
Marched to give our Prince a rouse, and
Dared us forth to battle-plain.

Then at Prince Eugene's head-quarters
Met our fine old fighting Tartars,
Generals and Field-Marshals all;
Every point of war debated,
Each in his turn the signal waited
Forth to march and on to fall.

For the onslaught all were eager
When the word sped round our leaguer:
"Soon as the clock chimes twelve to-night

Then bold hearts sound boot and saddle,
Stand to your arms and on to battle,
Every one that has hands to fight!"

Musquoteers, horse, yagers, forming
Sword in hand each bosom warming,
Still as death we all advance;
Each prepared come blows or booty
German-like to do our duty,
Joining hands in the gallant dance.

Our cannoneers, those tough old heroes
Struck a lusty peal to cheer us,
Firing ordnance great and small;
Right and left our cannon thundered
Till the Pagans quaked and wondered
And by platoons began to fall.

On the right like a lion angered
Bold Eugene cheered on the vanguard;
Ludovic spurred up and down,
Crying "On, boys, every hand to't,
Brother Germans, nobly stand to't,
Charge them home for our old renown!"

Gallant Prince he spoke no more; he
Fell in early youth and glory
Struck from his horse by some curst ball:
Great Eugene long sorrowed o'er him,
For a brother's love he bore him,
Every soldier mourned his fall.

In Waradin we laid his ashes;
Cannon peals and musket flashes
O'er his grave due honours paid:
Then the old Black Eagle flying
All the Pagan powers defying
On we marched and stormed Belgrade.

Mr. Hughes was honoured with the friendship of Sir Walter Scott, and amongst the most valued treasures of the Priory is the last portrait ever taken of the great novelist.

IX.

UNRECOGNISED POETS.

GEORGE DARLEY, THE REV. EDWARD WILLIAM BARNARD.

UNRECOGNISED Poets! many, very many are there doubtless of the world's finest spirits, to whom these words may be truly applied; poets whom the world has not known, or has refused to acknowledge. If Wordsworth had died fifty years ago, after the "Excursion," after "Ruth," after the "Yew Trees," after the very finest of his shorter poems had been published, *he* would have been amongst the disowned. But he was strong of frame and of heart, vigorous and self-reliant; competence came to him early; moreover he dwelt in the healthy atmosphere

of the northern hills, and heard no more of the critical onslaught than served to nerve him for fresh battles. So he lived through the time of tribulation, and gathered from the natural effect of the reaction more of fame and praise than would have fallen to his share had he won his laurels without the long probation and the fierce contest which preceded his recognition as the "Great High Priest of all the Nine."

Men of less power and of less faith die of the trial. Of such was George Darley. Gifted certainly with high talents, and with the love of song, which to enthusiastic youth seems the only real vocation, he offended his father, a wealthy alderman of Dublin, by devoting his whole existence to poetry, and found, when too late, that the fame for which he had sacrificed worldly fortune eluded his pursuit. It is impossible not to sympathize with such a trial; not to feel how severe must be the sufferings of a man conscious of no common power, who sees day by day the popularity for which he yearns won by far inferior spirits, and works which he despises passing through edition after edition, whilst his own writings are gathering dust upon the publisher's shelves, or sold as waste paper to the pastry-cook or the chandler. What wonder that the disenchanted poet should be transmuted into a cold and caustic critic, or that the disappointed man should with-

draw into the narrowest limits of friendly society, a hermit in the centre of London!

To add to these griefs, Mr. Darley was afflicted by a natural infirmity not uncommon with men of high talent, and nervous and susceptible temperament. He stammered so much as to render conversation painful and difficult to himself, and distressing to his companions. The consciousness of this impediment (which he called "his mask") increased its intensity, causing him to shrink from all unnecessary communications, except with the few to whom he was familiarly accustomed, and of whose appreciation he was sure. They seem to have esteemed him much.

I myself never saw him. But I suppose I owed to the too partial report of some of his own most valued friends the honour of being admitted amongst his correspondents. Much as I admired him, and sincerely grateful as I felt for his notice, I confess that these elaborate epistles frightened me not a little. Startling to receive, these epistles, resembling the choicest parts of the choicest orations, were terrible to answer; and as my theory as to letter-writing is that it should be like the easiest, most careless off-hand talk, and my practice full of blots and blunders, and of every sort of impertinence that a pen can by any chance commit, is apt to carry out my theory even to excess, I have

no doubt but I often returned the compliment by startling my correspondent.

Besides these letters, Mr. Darley sent me a little volume called "Sylvia, or the May Queen," a dramatic pastoral full of lyrical beauty, a tragedy on the story of Thomas-à-Becket, of which the most original scene is one in which Richard is represented as a boy, a boy foreshowing the man, the playful, grand and noble cub, in which we see the future lion; and an unpublished poem, called "Nepenthe," as different in appearance from the common run of books "printed for private distribution," which are usually models of typography, of paper, and of binding, as it is in subject and in composition. Never was so thorough an abnegation of all literary coxcombry as was exhibited in the outward form of this "Nepenthe," unless there may be some suspicion of affectation in the remarkable homeliness, not to say squalidness, of the strange little pamphlet as compared with the grace and refinement of the poetry. Printed with the most imperfect and broken types, upon a coarse, discoloured paper, like that in which a country shopkeeper puts up his tea, with two dusky leaves of a still dingier hue, at least a size too small, for cover, and garnished at top and bottom with a running margin in his own writing, such (resembling nothing but a street ballad or an old "broadside") is the singular dis-

guise (ah, Mr. Darley might well have called that a mask!) of the striking poem of which I am about to offer an extract. There is no reading the whole, for there is an intoxication about it that turns one's brain. Such a poet could never have been popular. But he was a poet.

The first page is headed as follows, in Mr. Darley's hand-writing, "seeking the panacea called 'Nepenthe,' the wanderer finds himself on the hill of Solitude."

NEPENTHE.

Over a bloomy land, untrod
  By heavier foot than bird or bee
Lays on the grassy-bosomed sod,
  I past one day in reverie:
High on his unpavilioned throne
The heaven's hot tyrant sat alone,
And like the fabled king of old
Was turning all he touched to gold;
The glittering fountains seemed to pour
Steep downward rills of molten ore,
Glassily trickling smooth between
Broom-shaded banks of golden green,
And o'er the yellow pasture straying
Dallying still yet undelaying
In hasty trips from side to side
Footing adown their steepy slide

Headlong impetuously playing
With the flowery border pied,
That edged the rocky mountain stair,
They pattered down incessant there,
To lowlands sweet and calm and wide.
With golden lip and glistening bell
Bowed every bee-cup on the fell,
Whate'er its native unsunned hue,
Snow-white or crimson or cold blue;
Even the black lustres of the slow
Glanced as they sided to the glow,
And furze in russet frock arrayed
With saffron knots, like shepherd maid
Broadly tricked out her rough brocade.
The singèd mosses curling here,
A golden fleece too short to shear!
Crumbled to sparkling dust beneath
My light step on that sunny heath.

Light! for the ardour of the clime
Made rare my spirit that sublime,
Bore me as buoyant as young Time
Over the green earth's grassy prime,
Ere his slouched wing caught up her slime;
And sprang I not from clay and crime,
Had from those humming beds of thyme
Lifted me near the stony chime
To learn an empyrean rhyme.

No melody beneath the moon
Sweeter than this deep runnel tune!
Here on the greensward grown hot gray,
Crisp as the unshorn desert hay,

Where his moist pipe the dulcet rill
For humorous grasshopper doth fill,
That spits himself from blade to blade
By long o'er-rest uneasy made;
Here ere the stream by fountain pushes
Lose himself brightly in the rushes
With butterfly path among the bushes,
I'll lay me on these mosses brown,
Murmuring beside his murmurs down,
And from the liquid tale he tells
Glean out some broken syllables;
Or close mine eyes in dreamy swoon,
As by hoarse winding deep Gihoon
Soothes with the hum his idle pain
The melancholy Tartar swain,
Sole mark on that huge-meadowed plain!

Hie on to great Ocean! hie on! hie on!
Fleet as water can gallop, hie on!
Hear ye not through the ground
How the sea-trumpets sound
Round the sea-monarch's shallop, hie on!.

Hie on to brave Ocean! hie on! hie on!
From the sleek mountain levels, hie on!
Hear ye not in the boom
Of the water-bell's womb
Pleasant whoop to sea-revels, hie on!

Hie on to bright Ocean! hie on! hie on!
Tis the store of rich waters, hie on!

Hear ye not the rough sands
Rolling gold on the strands,
For poor Earth's sons and daughters, hie on!

Hie on to calm Ocean! hie on! hie on!
Summer rest from earth-riot, hie on!
Hear ye not the smooth tide
With deep murmur and wide
Call ye down to his quiet, hie on!

Thus to the babbling streamlet elves
To haste them down the slopes and shelves,
Methought some Naiad of their fall
In her bright dropping sparry hall,
Sang to her glassy virginal.

"Perchance to me monition sweet?"
I started upright to my feet
Attent: 'twas but a fancy dream!
I only heard in measure meet
The pulses of the fountain beat,
As onward prest the throbbing stream.
Fair fell no less my fancy dream!
I have been still led like a child
My heedless wayward path and wild
Through this rough world by feebler clues
(So they were bright) than rainbows dews
Spun by the insect gossamer
To climb with through the ropy air.
Fair fall ye then my fairy dream!
I'll with this labyrinthian stream,

Where'er it flow, where'er it cease,
There be my pathway and my peace!

Swift as a star falls through the night,
Swift as a sunshot dart of light
Down from the hill's heaven-touching height,
The streamlet vanished from my sight.

The poet is carried away by the phœnix, and laid at the bottom of her tree, in Arabia Felix, where he beholds her dissolution.

O blest unfabled Incense tree
That burns in glorious Araby,
With red scent chalicing the air
Till earth-life grow Elysian there!

Half buried to her flaming breast
In this bright tree she makes her nest,
Hundred-sunned Phœnix! where she must
Crumble at length to hoary dust!
Her gorgeous death-bed! her rich pyre
Burnt up with aromatic fire!
Her urn sight high from spoiler men!
Her birth-place when self-born again!

The mountainless green wilds among
Here ends she her unechoing song!
With amber tears and odorous sighs
Mourned by the desert where she dies!

Laid like the young fawn mossily
In sungreen vales of Araby
I woke, hard by the Phœnix tree
That with shadeless boughs flamed over me;
And upward called by a dumbery
With moon broad orbs of wonder, I
Beheld the immortal bird on high
Glassing the great sun in her eye;
Steadfast she gazed upon his fire
Still her destroyer and her sire.
As if to his her soul of flame
Had flown already whence it came;
Like those who sit and glare so still
Intense with their death-struggle till
We touch and curdle at their chill!
But breathing yet while she doth burn
The deathless Daughter of the Sun!
Slowly to crimson embers turn
The beauties of the brightsome one.
O'er the broad nest her silver wings
Shook down their wasteful glitterings;
Her brindled neck high arched in air
Like a small rainbow faded there.
But brighter glowed her plumy crown
Mouldering to golden ashes down;
With fume of sweet woods to the skies,
Pure as a Saint's adoring sighs,
Warm as a prayer in Paradise,
Her life-breath rose in sacrifice!
The while with shrill triumphant tone
Sounding aloud, aloft, alone,
Ceaseless her joyful death-wail she
Sang to departing Araby!

Deep melancholy wonder drew
Tears from my heart spring at that view;
Like cresset shedding its last flare
Upon some wistful mariner,
The bird, fast blending with the sky
Turned on me her dead-gazing eye
Once,—and as surge to shallow spray
Sank down to vapoury dust away.

O fast her amber blood doth flow
From the heart-wounded Incense Tree,
Fast as earth's deep embosomed woe
In silent rivulets to the sea!

Beauty may weep her fair first-born
Perchance in as resplendent tears,
Such golden dew-drops bow the corn
When the stern sickleman appears.

But oh! such perfume to a bower
Never allured sweet-seeking bee
As to sip fast that nectarous shower
A thirstier minstrel drew in me.

Mr. Darley's death was even more lonely than his life. The kind and admirable persons who had been his best and truest friends in London, wrote to his brother in Dublin as soon as the imminent danger of his last illness was known. No answer

arrived. He died; and they wrote again still more pressingly, and then, after a delay which rendered his interment inevitable, it was discovered that the brother in Ireland lay dead also.

The story of Mr. Barnard is very different. Eminent for scholarship, rich in friends, easy in circumstances, secure of preferment in the sacred profession to which he was an honour, and married to the lovely woman whom he so truly loved, it is probable that the very felicity of his lot prevented him from devoting himself to literary pursuits. Excepting the light and pleasant task of translating the Latin poems of Flaminio and the composition of such short lyrics as were suggested by the events or the feelings of the hour, he never went beyond the plans and projects with which most men of talent amuse their leisure. Even such verse as he did write remained in manuscript until it was collected and printed after his death by his accomplished father-in-law, Mr. Archdeacon Wrangham.

Few as they are, these lyrics are remarkable, not only for grace and beauty, but for a vigour of thought, a fulness, a body, very unusual in occasional verses. Had longer life been lent to Mr. Barnard, we might have boasted another writer of high and pure poetry.

MY GREYHOUNDS.

Oh! dear is the naked wold to me
Where I move alone in my majesty!
Thyme and cistus kiss my feet
And spread around their incense sweet,
The laverock springing from his bed,
Pours royal greeting o'er my head;
My gallant guards, my greyhounds tried
March in order by my side;
And everything that's earthly born
Wealth and pomp, and pride I scorn—
And chiefly thee,
Who lift'st so high thy little horn,
Philosophy.

Wilt thou say that life is short;
That wisdom loves not hunter's sport
But virtue's golden fruitage rather
Hopes in cloistered cell to gather?
Gallant greyhounds, tell her, here
Trusty faith and love sincere,
Here do grace and zeal abide,
And humbly keep their master's side.
Bid her send whate'er hath sold
Human hearts—lust, power and gold—
Accursed train!
And blush to find that on the wold
They bribe in vain.

Then let her preach! The Muse and I
Will turn to Goshawk, Gaze and Guy;
And give to worth its proper place
Though found in nature's lowliest race.
And when we would be great or wise,
Lo! o'er our heads are smiling skies;
And thence we'll draw instruction true
That worldly science never knew,
Then let her argue as she will;—
I'll wander with my greyhounds still
(Halloo! halloo!)
And hunt for health on the breeze-worn hill,
And wisdom too.

THE LAUNCH OF THE NAUTILUS.

Up with thy thin transparent sail
Thou tiny mariner!—The gale
Comes gently from the land and brings
The odour of all lovely things
That zephyr in his wanton play
Scatters in spring's triumphant way;—
Of primrose pale, and violet,
And young anemone, beset
By thousand spikes of every hue,
Purple and scarlet, white and blue:
And every breeze that sweeps the earth
Brings the sweet sounds of love and mirth;
The shrilly pipe of things unseen
That pitter in the meadow green;
The linnet's love-sick melody,
The laverock's carol loud and high;

And mellowed, as from distance borne
The music of the shepherd's horn.

Up, little Nautilus !—Thy day
Of life and joy is come;—Away !
The ocean's flood that gleams so bright
Beneath the morning's ruddy light
With gentlest surge scarce ripples o'er
The lucid gems that pave the shore;
Each billow wears its little spray
As maids wear wreaths on holiday;
And maid ne'er danced on velvet green
More blithely round the May's young queen,
Then thou shalt dance o'er yon bright sea
That wooes thy prow so lovingly.
Then lift thy sail !—'Tis shame to rest
Here on the sand thy pearly breast.
Away ! thou first of mariners,
Give to the wind all idle fears;
Thy freight demands no jealous care;
Yet navies might be proud to bear
The wondrous wealth, the unbought spell
That load thy ruby-cinctured shell.
A heart is there to nature true,
Which wrath nor envy ever knew;
A heart that calls no creature foe,
And ne'er designed a brother's woe;
A heart whose joy o'erflows its home
Simply because sweet spring is come.

Up, beauteous Nautilus ! Away !
The idle Muse that chides thy stay,

Shall watch thee long with anxious eye
O'er thy bright course delighted fly;
And when black storms deform the main,
Cry welcome to the sands again!
Heaven grant that she through life's wild flow
May sail as innocent as thou;
And homeward turned like thee may find
Sure refuge from the wave and wind.

TO MY HOME.

Yon old grey wall, whose gable high
Lifts the Redeemer's sign,
Whose tendrils green like tracery
O'er arch and mullion twine—
It is indeed a holy place;
For God Himself hath deigned to grace
This humble home of mine;
And thoughts of Him are blended fair
With every joy I've tasted there.

The one best friend whose modest worth
E'en from my praises flies;
The babe whose soul is budding forth
From her blue smiling eyes;
And prattling still the sturdy boy
Who climbs my knee with heart of joy
To gain his little prize—
Their looks of love how can I see
Nor think, great Sire of Love, on Thee?

Pride enters not yon peaceful room;
  But books and arts abound;
Nor there do vain Penates come
  To reign—'tis holy ground!
And duly, Lord, when evening brings
Release from toil on balmy wings,
  An household band is found
To raise Thy throne, and offer there
The gift Thou lovest, Domestic Prayer.

Within all studies end in Thee;
  And when abroad I rove,
There's not a herb, a flower, a tree,
  That speaks not of Thy love;
There's not a leaf, that whirled on high
Wanders along the stormy sky,
  That hath not words to prove
How like would be my restless lot,
If Grace Divine upheld me not!

Oh! look upon yon glorious scene,
  Wood, hill and wave survey:
Mark every path where God hath been
  And own His wondrous way.
For me I daily come to bless
Dear landscape all thy loveliness;
  And dare not turn away,
Till I have spoken the Psalmist's line
"These gracious works, dread Lord, are Thine!"

My Home! my Home! I've paused awhile
  In many a stranger land,

And seen in all boon nature smile,
Beneath her Maker's hand;
But never since calm Reason took
From Fancy's clutch her rhyming book,
A joyful resting planned—
Till here the blessed scene I laid,
Here in mine own romantic shade.

My Home! my Home! oh! ever dear
Thy hallowed scenes shall be;
In joy or grief, in hope or fear,
My spirit clings to thee.
I deem my home an emblem meet
Of that enduring last retreat
From pain and passion free,
Where Peace shall fix her bright abode
And yield her followers up to God.

To Mr. Barnard, also, I was personally a stranger. So I was to the excellent friend and delightful correspondent, Mr. Archdeacon Wrangham, to whose kindness I owe the possession of his poems. Twice I was about to visit the Archdeacon, and twice Death came between. The first time he invited me to his prebendal residence at Chester, to meet another dear and most valued correspondent and friend, Mrs. Hemans; he even proposed to come as far as Oxford to fetch me. But my mother was already

seized by the illness from which she never recovered; and the three friends, of whom I am the only survivor, and of whom none was then old, said all—Another time! None of us foresaw how soon the youngest and the most gifted of the three should die in her Irish home; and the two who remained had little heart to plan joyous meetings. But nine years ago, when my dear father was also taken from me, the good Archdeacon mixed with his condolences an invitation to visit him at Hunmanby. The letter was singularly interesting, telling of his own father's death just after his early Cambridge triumphs, and of the strange and solemn mixture of that great grief with his joy. Singularly enough, with that kind and gracious invitation to the vicarage at Hunmanby, came one equally gracious and kind from the head of my own family, Admiral Osbaldiston Mitford, to visit him and Mrs. Mitford at Hunmanby Hall. I answered both letters by return of post; and before that to my venerable friend reached its destination, he too was dead.

Let me add a less gloomy recollection of this accomplished scholar, who was an eminent book collector. About thirty years ago, one of the cleverest writers of the day having published (as sometimes happens) a very silly book, the Archdeacon hastened to secure it for his library. "What

could induce you to purchase that nonsense?" inquired a friend. "Because it is so bad that it is sure to become scarce," was the reply. The prediction has been verified to the letter. I should not wonder if that copy were an unique.

X.

AMERICAN PROSE WRITERS.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

In spite of her apparent barrenness at the late Exhibition, a barrenness which probably resulted mainly from the actual riches of that vast country, its prodigious territory, and its still growing youth; in spite of our susceptibilities; and in spite of her own, America is a great nation, and the Americans are a great people; and if that Fair of the World had been a book fair, as at Leipsic, I suspect that we should have seen our kinsfolk over the water cutting a very good figure with their literary ware.

Certain it is, that when a people hardly seventy

years old, who have still living amongst them men that remember when their republic was a province, can claim for themselves such divines as Dr. Channing, and my friend Professor Norton, the friend of Mrs. Hemans; such an historian as Mr. Prescott; and such an orator as Daniel Webster, they have good right to be proud of their sons of the soil.

To say nothing of these ornaments of our common language, or of the naturalists Wilson and Audubon—are they American? they are worth fighting for; or of the travellers, Dana, Stephens, and Willis, who are certainly transatlantic; or of the fair writers, Mrs. Sigourney and Miss Sedgwick, both my friends; or of the poor Margaret Fuller, drowned so deplorably only the other day, with her husband and her infant, on her own shores; (her Italian husband said only the day before leaving Florence, that it had been predicted to him that he should die at sea;) or of the great historian of Spanish literature, Mr. Ticknor (another friend!); or of a class of writers in which New England is rich—orator-writers, whose eloquence, first addressed to large audiences, is at once diffused and preserved by the press—witness the orations of Mr. Sumner, and the lectures of Mr. Whipple and Mr. Giles; to say nothing of these volumes, which will bear a competition with any of their class in the elder country, let

us look at the living novelists, and see if they be of an ordinary stamp.

The author of the "Sketch-book" is almost as much a classic with us as in his own country. That book, indeed, and one or two that succeeded it, were so purely English in style and feeling, that when their success—their immense and deserved success—induced the reprint of some drolleries which had for subject New York in its Dutch state, it was difficult to believe that they were by the same author. Since then, Mr. Washington Irving, having happily for literature filled a diplomatic post in Spain, has put forth other works, half Spanish, half Moorish, equally full of local colour and local history, books as good as history, that almost make us live in the Alhambra, and increase our sympathy with the tasteful and chivalrous people who planned its halls and gardens. Then he returned home; and there he has done for the back-woods and the prairies what he before did for the manor-house of England and the palace of Granada. Few, very few, can show a long succession of volumes, so pure, so graceful, and so varied as Mr. Irving. To my poor cottage, rich only in printed paper, people often come to borrow books for themselves or their children. Sometimes they make their own selection; sometimes, much against my will, they leave the choice to me; and in either case I know no

works that are oftener lent than those that bear the pseudonym of Geoffrey Crayon.

Then Mr. Cooper! original and natural as his own Pioneers; adventurous as Paul Jones; hardy as Long Tom; persevering and indomitable as that Leather-stocking whom he has conducted through fifteen volumes without once varying from the admirable portrait which he originally designed. They say that he does not value our praise—that he has no appreciation for his appreciators. But I do not choose to believe such a scandal. It can only be a "they say." He is too richly gifted to be wanting in sympathy even with his own admirers; and if he have an odd manner of showing that sympathy, why it must pass as "Pretty Fanny's way." Since these light words were written, I grieve to say that Mr. Cooper is dead. I trust his gifted daughter will become his biographer. Few lives would be more interesting.

Next comes one with whom my saucy pen must take no freedom—one good and grave, and pure and holy—whose works, by their high aim and their fine execution, claim the respect of all. Little known by name, the excellently selected reprints of my friend Mr. Chambers have made Mr. Were's letters from Palmyra and from Rome familiar to all who seek to unite the excitement of an early Christian story, a tale of persecution and of martyrdom,

with a style and detail so full of calm and sober learning, that they seem literally saturated with classical lore. So entire is the feeling of scholarship pervading these two books, in one of which Zenobia appears in her beautiful Palmyra a powerful Queen, in the other dragged through the streets of Rome a miserable captive, that we seem to be reading a translation from the Latin. There is not a trace of modern habits or modes of thinking; and if Mr. Were had been possessed by the monomania of Macpherson or of Chatterton, it would have rested with himself to produce these letters as a close and literal version of manuscripts of the third century.

Another talented romancer is Dr. Bird, whose two works on the conquest of Mexico have great merit, although hidden behind the mask of most unpromising titles (one of them is called, I think, "Abdallah the Moor, or the Infidel's Doom"). I never met with any one who had read them but myself, to whom that particular subject has an unfailing interest. His "Nick of the Woods," a striking but very painful Indian novel, and his description of those wonderful American caves, in which truth leaves fiction far behind, are generally known and duly appreciated.

These excellent writers have been long before the public; but a new star has lately sprung into light

in the Western horizon, who in a totally different manner—and nothing is more remarkable amongst all these American novelists than their utter difference from each other—will hardly fail to cast a bright illumination over both hemispheres. It is hardly two years since Mr. Hawthorne, until then known only by one or two of those little volumes which the sagacious hold as promises of future excellence, put forth that singular book, "The Scarlet Letter;" *à-propos* to which, Dr. Holmes, who so well knows the value of words, uses this significant expression:

> "I *snatch* the book along whose burning leaves
> His scarlet web our wild romancer weaves."

And it is the very word. "We do *snatch* the book;" and until we have got to the end, very few of us, I apprehend, have sufficient strength of will to lay it down.

The story is of the early days of New England; those days when, as Mr. Whittier has shown in his clever mystification, called "Margaret Smith's Journal," the Pilgrim Fathers, just escaped from persecution in Europe, persecuted those who presumed to follow their example, and to exercise liberty of thought and worship in the new home of freedom. Lamentable inconsistency of human action! Nothing but the strongest historical evidence could

make us believe that they who had cast away fortune and country, and every worldly good for conscience sake, should visit with fire and faggot the peaceful Quaker and poor demented creatures accused of witchcraft, and driven by the accusation into the confession, perhaps into a diseased craving for the power and the crime. But so it is. Oppression makes oppression; persecution propagates persecution. There is no end to the evil when once engendered.

The "Scarlet Letter" is not, however, a story of witch, or of Quaker, although an atmosphere of sorcery seems to pervade the air, but one of that strict and rigid morality peculiar to the Puritans, who loved to visit with legal penalties such sins as are now kept in check by public opinion. Accordingly, our first sight of Hester, is exposed upon a scaffold, wearing upon her breast a scarlet A., glittering with gold embroidery, and carrying in her arms a female infant. She had been sent, without her husband, under the protection of some of the elders of the colony, and the punishment was not merely caused by the birth of this child of shame, but by her resolute concealment of the partner of her guilt. Step by step, the reader becomes acquainted with the secret. The participator of her frailty was a young and eloquent preacher, famed not only for learning and talent, but for severe sanctity. The

husband arrives under a false character, recognised only by the erring wife, before whom, cruel, vindictive, hating and hateful, he appears as a visible conscience; and the sufferings of the proud and fiery Hester, enduring a daily martyrdom of shame and scorn, and of the seducer perishing under the terrible remorse of undeserved praise, respect and honour, are amongst the finest and most original conceptions of tragic narrative. Detestable as the husband is, and with all the passionate truth that Mr. Hawthorne has thrown into the long agony of the seducer, we never, in our pity for the sufferer, lose our abhorrence of the sin.

Scarcely a twelvemonth has passed, and another New England story, "The House with the Seven Gables," has come to redeem the pledge of excellence given by the first.

In this tale, Fate plays almost as great a part as in a Greek Trilogy. Two centuries ago, a certain wicked and powerful Colonel Pyncheon, was seized with a violent desire to possess himself of a certain bit of ground, on which to build the large and picturesque wooden mansion from which the story takes its title. Master Maule, the original possessor, obstinate and poor, refused all offers of money for his land; but being shortly afterwards accused, no one very well knows why, of the fashionable sin of witchcraft, the poor man is tried, condemned, and

burnt; the property forfeited and sold; and the rich man's house erected without let or pause. But the shadow of a great crime has passed over the place. A bubbling spring, famous for the purity and freshness of its waters, turns salt and bitter, and the rich man himself—the great, powerful, wicked Colonel Pyncheon—is found dead in his own hall, stricken by some strange, sudden, mysterious death on the very day of his taking possession, and when he had invited half the province to his house-warming. Both proprietors, the poor old wizard, and the wealthy Colonel, leave one child, and during two succeeding centuries these races, always distinct and peculiar, come at long intervals strangely across each other.

Nothing can exceed the skill with which this part of the book is managed. The story is not told; we find it out; we feel that there *is* a legend; that some strange destiny has hovered over the old house, and hovers there still. The slightness of the means by which this feeling is excited is wonderful. The mixture of the grotesque and the supernatural in Hoffman and the German School, seems coarse and vulgar blundering in the comparison; even the mighty magician of Udolpho, the Anne Radcliffe whom the French quote with so much unction, was a bungler at her trade, when compared with the vague, dim, vapoury, impalpable ghastliness with

which Mr. Hawthorne has contrived to envelope his narrative.

Two hundred years have passed. The Maules have disappeared; and the Pyncheons are reduced by the mysterious death of the last proprietor to a poor old maid in extreme poverty, with little left but this decaying mansion; a brother whom she is expecting home after a long imprisonment, also a mystery; a Judge, flourishing and prosperous, in whom we at once recognise a true descendant of the wicked Colonel; and a little New England girl, a country cousin, who is the veriest bit of life and light, the brightest beam of sunshine that has ever crossed the Atlantic. Monsieur Eugène Sue had some such inspiration when, in his very happiest moment, he painted Rigolette; but this rose is fresher still. Her name (there is a great deal in names, let Juliet say what she will) is Phœbe. I am not going to tell the story of this book, but I must give one glimpse of Phœbe, although it will very inadequately convey the charm that extends over the whole volume; and to make that understood, I must say that the poor old cousin Hepzibah, "Old Maid Pyncheon," as she is called by her townsfolk—(I wonder whether the Americans do actually bestow upon all their single women that expressive designation: one has some right to be curious as to the titles conferred upon one's own

order;)—"Old Maid Pyncheon" had that very day, for the purpose, as it afterwards appeared, of supporting the liberated prisoner, opened in this aristocratic mansion a little shop.—N.B. I had once a fancy to set up a shop myself, not quite of the same kind; but there were other sorts of pride besides my own to be consulted, so beyond a jest, more than half-earnest, with a rich neighbour, who proposed himself as a partner, the fancy hardly came to words. Ah, I have a strong fellow feeling for that poor Hepzibah—a decayed gentlewoman, elderly, ugly, awkward, near-sighted, cross! I have a deep sympathy with 'old maid Pyncheon' as she appears on the morning of this great trial:

"Forth she steps into the dusky time-darkened passage; a tall figure clad in black silk, with a long and shrunken waist, feeling her way towards the stairs, like a near-sighted person, as in truth she is.

"We must linger a moment on the unfortunate expression of poor Hepzibah's brow. Her scowl—as the world, or such part of it as sometimes caught a transitory glimpse of her at the window, wickedly persisted in calling it—her scowl had done Miss Hepzibah a very ill office in establishing her character as an ill-tempered old maid; nor does it appear improbable that, by often gazing at herself in a dim looking-glass, and perpetually encoun-

tering her own frown within its ghostly sphere, she had been led to interpret her expression almost as unjustly as the world did. 'How miserably cross I look,' she must often have whispered to herself; and ultimately have fancied herself so by a sense of inevitable doom. But her heart never frowned. It was naturally tender, sensitive and full of little tremors and palpitations; all of which it retained, while her visage was growing perversely stern, and even fierce. Nor had Hepzibah ever any hardihood, except what came from the very warmest nook in her affections.

"All this time, however, we are loitering faint-heartedly on the threshold of our story. In very truth, we have a reluctance to disclose what Miss Hepzibah Pyncheon was about to do.

"It has already been observed, that in the basement story of the gable fronting on the street, an unworthy ancestor, nearly a century ago, had fitted up a shop. Ever since the old gentleman retired from trade and fell asleep under his coffin-lid, not only the shop-door, but the inner arrangements had been suffered to remain unchanged, while the dust of ages gathered inch-deep over the shelves and counter, and partly filled an old pair of scales, as if it were of value enough to be weighed. It treasured itself up too in the half-open till, where there still lingered a base sixpence, worth *neither*

more nor less than the hereditary pride that had here been put to shame. Such had been the condition and state of the little shop in old Hepzibah's childhood, when she and her brother used to play at hide-and-seek in its forsaken precincts. Such it had remained until within a few days past.

"But now, though the shop-window was still closely curtained from the public gaze, a remarkable change had taken place in its interior. The rich and heavy festoons of cobweb which it had cost a long ancestral succession of spiders their life's labour to spin and weave, had been carefully brushed away from the ceiling. The counter, shelves, and floor had all been scoured, and the latter was overstrewn with fresh blue sand. The brown scales, too, had evidently undergone rigid discipline in an unavailing effort to rub off the rust which, alas! had eaten through and through their substance. Neither was the little old shop any longer empty of merchantable goods. A curious eye, privileged to take an account of stock and investigate behind the counter, would have discovered a barrel—yea, two or three barrels and half ditto—one containing flour, another apples, and a third perhaps Indian meal. There was likewise a square box of pine-wood full of soap in bars; also another of the same size, in which were tallow candles, ten to the pound. A small stock of brown sugar, some white beans and split

peas, and a few other commodities of low price, and such as are constantly in demand, made up the bulkier portion of the merchandise. It might have been taken for a ghostly or phantasmagoric reflection of the old shopkeeper Pyncheon's shabbily-provided shelves, save that some of the articles were of a description and outward form which would hardly have been known in his day. For instance, there was a glass pickle-jar filled with fragments of Gibraltar rock; not indeed splinters of the veritable stone production of the famous fortress, but bits of delectable candy neatly done up in white paper. Jim Crow, moreover, was seen executing his world-renowned dance in gingerbread. A party of leaden dragoons were seen galloping along one of the shelves in equipments and uniform of modern cut; and there were some sugar figures with no strong resemblance to the humanity of any epoch, but less unsatisfactorily representing our own fashions than those of a hundred years ago. Another phenomenon still more strikingly modern was a package of lucifer matches, which in old times would have been thought actually to borrow their instantaneous flame from the nether fires of Tophet.

"In short, to bring the matter at once to a point, it was incontrovertibly evident that somebody had taken the shop and fixtures of the long-retired and forgotten Mr. Pyncheon, and was about to renew

the enterprise of that departed worthy with a different set of customers. Who could this bold adventurer be? And of all places in the world why had he chosen the House of the Seven Gables for the scene of his commercial speculations?

"We return to the elderly maiden. She at length withdrew her eyes from the dark countenance of the Colonel's portrait, heaved a sigh—indeed her breast was a very cave of Æolus that morning—and stepped across the room on tip-toe, as is the customary gait of elderly women. Passing through an intervening passage, she opened a door which communicated with the shop just now so elaborately described, owing to the projection of the upper story, and still more to the dark shadow of the Pyncheon elm, which stood almost directly in front of the gable—the twilight here was still as much akin to night as morning. Another heavy sigh from Miss Hepzibah, after a moment's pause on the threshold, peering towards the window with her near-sighted scowl, as if frowning down some bitter enemy, she projected herself into the shop. The haste, and, as it were, the galvanic impulse of the movement, were quite startling.

"Nervously, in a sort of frenzy we might almost say, she began to busy herself in arranging some children's playthings and other little wares on the shelves and at the shop-window. In the aspect of

this dark-arrayed, pale-faced, ladylike old figure there was a deeply tragic character that contrasted irreconcilcably with the ludicrous pettiness of her employment. It seemed a strange anomaly, that so gaunt and dismal a personage should take a toy in hand; a miracle, that the toy did not vanish in her grasp; a miserably absurd idea, that she should go on perplexing her stiff and sombre intellect with the question how to tempt little boys into her premises! Yet such is undoubtedly her object. Now she places a gingerbread elephant against the window, but with so tremulous a touch that it tumbles upon the floor with the dismemberment of three legs and its trunk; it has ceased to be an elephant and has become a few bits of musty gingerbread. There again she has upset a tumbler of marbles, all of which roll different ways, and each individual marble, devil-directed, into the most difficult obscurity that it can find. Heaven help our poor old Hepzibah, and forgive us for taking a ludicrous view of her position! As her rigid and rusty frame goes down upon its hands and knees in quest of the absconding marbles, we positively feel so much the more inclined to shed tears of sympathy from the very fact that we must needs turn aside and laugh at her. For here—and if we fail to impress it suitably upon the reader it is our own fault and not that of the theme—here is one of the truest points

of interest that occur in ordinary life. It was the final throe of what called itself old gentility. A lady, who had fed herself from childhood with the shadowy food of aristocratic reminiscences and whose religion it was that a lady's hand soils itself immediately by doing aught for bread, this born lady, after sixty years of harrowing means, is fain to step down from her pedestal of imaginary rank. Poverty, treading close upon her heels for a lifetime, has come up with her at last. She must earn her own food or starve. And we have stolen upon Miss Hepzibah Pyncheon too irreverently at the instant of time when the patrician lady is to be transformed into the plebeian women.

"In this republican country, amid the fluctuating waves of our social life, somebody is always at the drowning point. The tragedy is enacted with as continual a repetition as that of a popular drama on a holiday; and nevertheless is felt as deeply perhaps as when an hereditary noble sinks below his order. More deeply; since with us rank is the grosser substance of wealth and a splendid establishment, and has no spiritual existence after the death of these but dies hopelessly along with them. And therefore since we have been so unfortunate as to introduce our heroine at so inauspicious a juncture, we would entreat for a mood of due solemnity in the spectators of her fate. Let us behold in poor

Hepzibah the immemorial lady, two hundred years old, on this side of the water and thrice as many on the other, with her antique portraits, pedigrees, coats of arms, and her claim as first heiress to that princely territory at the eastward, no longer a wilderness but a populous fertility—born too in Puncheon Street, under the Puncheon elm and in the Puncheon house where she has spent all her days, reduced now in that very house to be the huckstress of a cent shop!

"This business of setting up a petty shop is almost the only resource of woman in circumstances at all similar to those of our unfortunate recluse. With her near-sightedness and those tremulous fingers of hers, at once inflexible and delicate, she could not be a seamstress although her sampler of fifty years gone-by exhibited some of the most recondite specimens of ornamental needle-work. A school for little children had been often in her thoughts, and at one time she had begun a review of her early studies in the New England primer, with a view to prepare herself for the office of instructress. But the love of children had never been quickened in Hepzibah's heart, and was now torpid if not extinct; she watched the little people of the neighbourhood from her chamber window, and doubted whether she could tolerate a more intimate acquaintance with them. Besides, in our day the very

A B C had become a science greatly too abstruse to be any longer taught by pointing a pen from letter to letter. A modern child could teach old Hepzibah more than old Hepzibah could teach the child. So with many a cold, deep heart-quake at the idea of at last coming into sordid contact with the world from which she had so long kept aloof, while every added day of seclusion had rolled another stone against the cavern door of her hermitage, the poor thing bethought herself of the ancient shop-window, the rusty scales and dusty till. She might have held back a little longer; but another circumstance not yet hinted at had somewhat hastened her decision. Her humble preparations, therefore, were duly made, and the enterprise was now to be commenced. Nor was she entitled to complain of any remarkable singularity in her fate. For in the town of her nativity we might point to several little shops of a similar description; some of them in houses as ancient as that of the Seven Gables, and one or two it may be where a decayed gentlewoman stands behind the counter, as grim an image of family pride as Miss Hepzibah Pyncheon herself.

"Our miserable old Hepzibah! It is a heavy annoyance to a writer who endeavours to represent nature, its various attitudes and circumstances, in a reasonably correct outline and true colouring, that

so much of the mean and ludicrous should be hopelessly mixed up with the purest pathos that life anywhere supplies to him. What tragic dignity for example can be wrought into a scene like this? How can we elevate our history of retribution for sin of long ago, when, as one of our most prominent figures, we are compelled to introduce, not a young and lovely woman, nor even the stately remains of beauty storm-shattered by affliction, but a gaunt, sallow, rusty-jointed maiden, in a long-waisted silk gown, and with the strange horror of a turban on her head? Nevertheless, if we look through all the heroic fortunes of mankind we shall find the same entanglement of something mean or trivial with whatever is noblest in joy or sorrow. What is called poetic insight is the gift of discerning in this sphere of strangely-mingled elements, the beauty and the majesty which are compelled to assume a garb so sordid."

It would be difficult to deny the gift of "poetic insight" to this mixture of admirable detail with something at once higher and deeper. Balzac, the great novelist of modern France, known only to those amongst us who thoroughly possess his language, for he is untranslated and untranslatable, has in certain romances of provincial life the same perfection of Dutch painting and of homely tragedy. But Mr. Hawthorne is free from Balzac's scoff.

The story of the first day behind the counter goes on with inimitable truth, minuteness and variety. The cracked bell tinkles, and the poor old lady totters nervously to her post. Her first customer is a friendly one; a young artist—an artist after a somewhat American fashion, a Daguerréotypist—who inhabited one of the Seven Gables, and affords a capital specimen of the adventurous youth of the United States. Manly, comely, cheerful, kind, brimful of determined energy and common sense, he has already tried some half-score of careers—schoolmaster, editor, agent, engineer—and is sure to conquer fortune at last. Their conversation lets us into much of the story, and shows besides that poor Hepzibah will not make her fortune by her shop, for he comes to purchase biscuits, and she begs to be for one moment a gentlewoman, and not be forced into accepting money from her only friend. Then comes an old, humble, sauntering neighbour, who again helps on the narrative; then a greedy boy, who finding the cent which he offered for the gingerbread Jim Crow refused from pure disgust, returns in half an hour and eats the elephant. Then the rich Judge passes; and Hepzibah trembles as his shadow darkens the window—and then the common crew.

"Customers came in as the forenoon advanced, but rather slowly; in some cases too, it must be

owned, with little satisfaction either to themselves or Miss Hepzibah; nor, on the whole, with an aggregate of very rich emolument to the till. A little girl, sent by her mother to match a skein of cotton thread of a peculiar hue, took one that the near-sighted old lady pronounced extremely like, but very soon came running back with a blunt and cross message that it would not do, and besides, was very rotten! Then there was a pale, care-wrinkled woman, not old, but haggard, and already with streaks of grey among her hair, like silver ribbons; one of those women, naturally delicate, whom you at once recognise as worn to death by a brute, probably a drunken brute of a husband, and at least nine children. She wanted a few pounds of flour, and offered the money, which the decayed gentlewoman silently rejected, and gave the poor soul better measure than if she had taken it. Shortly afterwards, a man in a blue cotton frock, much soiled, came in and bought a pipe, filling the whole shop meanwhile with the hot odour of strong drink, not only exhaled in the torrid atmosphere of his breath, but oozing out of his whole system, like an inflammable gas. It was impressed on Hepzibah's mind that this was the husband of the care-wrinkled woman. He asked for a paper of tobacco, and as she had neglected to provide herself with the article, her brutal

customer dashed down his newly-purchased pipe, and left the shop, muttering some unintelligible words, which had the tone and bitterness of a curse. Hereupon Hepzibah threw up her eyes, unintentionally scowling in the face of Providence.

"No less than five persons during the forenoon inquired for ginger-beer or root-beer, or any drink of a similar beverage, and obtaining nothing of the kind, went off in exceedingly bad humour. Three of them left the door open; but the other two pulled it so spitefully in going out, that it played the very deuce with Hepzibah's nerves. A round, bustling, fire-ruddy housewife of the neighbourhood burst breathless into the shop, fiercely demanding yeast; and when the poor gentlewoman, with her cold shyness of manner, gave her customer to understand that she did not keep the article, this very capable housekeeper took upon herself to administer a regular rebuke:

"'A cent shop and no yeast!' quoth she; 'that will never do! Who ever heard of such a thing? Your loaf will never rise, no more than mine will to-day. You had better shut up shop at once.'

"'Well,' said Hepzibah, heaving a deep sigh, 'perhaps I had.'"

And so the day wears on. Some come obviously

from curiosity, and the old lady loses her temper, and becomes more and more bewildered.

"Her final operation was with the little devourer of Jim Crow and the elephant, who now proposed to eat a camel. In her tribulation, she offered him first a wooden dragoon, and next a handful of marbles; neither of which being adapted to his else omnivorous appetite, she hastily held out her whole remaining stock of natural history in gingerbread, and huddled the small customer out of the shop. She then muffled the bell in an unfinished stocking, and put up the oaken bar across the door.

"During the latter process, an omnibus came to a stand-still under the branches of the elm-tree. A gentleman alighted; but it was only to offer his hand to a young girl, whose slender figure nowise needing such assistance, now lightly descended the steps, and made an airy little jump from the final one to the side-walk. She rewarded her cavalier with a smile, the cheery glow of which was seen reflected on his own face as he re-entered the vehicle. The girl then turned towards the House of the Seven Gables; to the door of which meanwhile — not the shop-door, but the antique portal—the omnibus man had carried a light trunk and a bandbox. First giving a sharp

rap of the old iron knocker, he left his passenger and her luggage at the door-step and departed.

"'Who can it be?' thought Hepzibah, who had been screwing her visual organs into the acutest focus of which they were capable. 'The girl must have mistaken the house.'

"She stole softly into the hall and, herself invisible, gazed through the side-lights of the portal at the young, blooming, and very cheerful face which presented itself for admittance into the gloomy old mansion. It was a face to which almost any door would have opened of its own accord.

"The young girl, so fresh, so unconventional, and yet so orderly and so obedient to common rules as you at once recognise her to be, was widely in contrast at that moment with everything about her. The sordid and ugly luxuriance of gigantic weeds that grew in the angle of the house, and the heavy projection that overshadowed her, and the time-worn framework of the door, none of these things belonged to her sphere. But even as a ray of sunshine, fall into what dismal place it may, instantaneously creates for itself a propriety in being there, so did it seem altogether fit that the girl should be standing at the threshold. It was no less evidently proper that the door should swing open to admit her. The maiden lady her-

self, sternly inhospitable in her first purposes, soon began to feel that the bolt ought to be shoved back, and the rusty key be turned in the reluctant lock.

"'Can it be Phœbe?' questioned she within herself. 'It must be little Phœbe; for it can be nobody else; and there is a look of her father about her too! Well! she must have a night's lodging I suppose, and to-morrow the child shall go back to her mother.'

"Phœbe Pyncheon slept, on the night of her arrival, in a chamber that looked down on the garden of the old house. It fronted towards the east, so that at a very seasonable hour a glowing crimson light came flooding through the window, and bathed the dingy ceiling and paper-hangings of its own hue. There were curtains to Phœbe's bed; a dark antique canopy and ponderous festoons, of a stuff that had been magnificent in its time, but which now brooded over the girl like a cloud, making a night in that one corner, while elsewhere it was beginning to be day. The morning light, however, soon stole into the aperture at the foot of the bed betwixt those faded curtains. Finding the new guest there with a bloom on her cheeks like the morning's own, and a gentle stir of departing slumber in her limbs, as when an early

breeze moves the foliage, the dawn kissed her brow. It was the caress which a dewy maiden—such as the dawn is immortally — gives to her sleeping sister, partly from the impulse of irresistible fondness, and partly as a pretty hint that it is time now to unclose her eyes.

"At the touch of those lips of light, Phœbe quietly awoke, and for a moment did not recognise where she was, nor how those heavy curtains chanced to be festooned around her. Nothing indeed was absolutely plain to her, except that it was now early morning, and that, whatever might happen next, it was proper first of all to get up and say her prayers. She was the more inclined to devotion from the grim aspect of the chamber and its furniture, especially the tall stiff chairs; one of which stood close to her bedside, and looked as if some old-fashioned personage had been sitting there all night, and had vanished only just in season to escape discovery.

"When Phœbe was quite dressed, she peeped out of the window, and saw a rose-bush in the garden. Being a very tall one, and of luxuriant growth, it had been propped up against the side of the house, and was literally covered with a rare and very beautiful species of white rose. A large portion of them, as the girl afterwards discovered, had blight or

mildew at their hearts; but viewed at a fair distance, the whole rose-bush looked as if it had been brought from Eden that very summer, together with the mould in which it grew. The truth was, nevertheless, that it had been planted by Alice Pyncheon —she was Phœbe's great-great-grand-aunt—in soil which, reckoning only its cultivation as a garden-plat, was now unctuous with nearly two hundred years of vegetable decay. Growing as they did, however, out of the old earth, the flowers still sent a fresh and sweet incense up to their Creator; nor could it have been the less pure and acceptable because Phœbe's young breath mingled with it, as the fragrance floated past the window. Hastening down the creaking and carpetless staircase, she found her way into the garden, gathered some of the most perfect of the roses, and brought them to her chamber.

"Little Phœbe was one of those persons who possess, as their exclusive patrimony, the gift of practical arrangement. It is a kind of natural magic that enables these favoured ones to bring out the hidden capabilities of things around them; and particularly to give a look of comfort and habitableness to any place which, for however brief a period, may happen to be their home. A wild hut of underbrush, tossed together by wayfarers through the

primitive forest, would acquire the home aspect by one night's lodging of such a woman, and would retain it long after her quiet figure had disappeared into the surrounding shade. No less a portion of such homely witchcraft was requisite to reclaim, as it were, Phœbe's waste, cheerless, dusky chamber, which had been untenanted so long, except by spiders, and mice, and rats, and ghosts, that it was all overgrown with the desolation which watches to obliterate every trace of men's happier homes. What was precisely Phœbe's process we find it impossible to say. She appeared to have no preliminary design, but gave a touch here and another there; brought some articles of furniture to light, and dragged others into the shadow; looped up or let down a window-curtain; and in the course of half an hour had fully succeeded in throwing a kindly and hospitable smile over the apartment.

"There was still another peculiarity of this inscrutable charm. The bedchamber, no doubt, was a chamber of very great and varied experience as a scene of human life. Here had come the bridegroom with his bride; new immortals had here drawn their earliest breath; and here the old had died. But whether it were the white roses, or whatever the subtle influence might be, a person of delicate instinct would have known at once that it was

now a maiden's bedchamber, and had been purified of all former evil and sorrow by her sweet breath and happy thoughts."

There is a touch of Gœthe's Margaret, the Margaret of "Faust," in the last paragraph. But Phœbe is a truly original conception. To quote her thousand prettinesses of thought and action, would be to copy half the volume. Suffice it that she stays with her good old cross cousin; and that, under her auspices, the shop flourishes, and the tottering mansion loses half its gloom.

P.S. I have just received an American reprint of Mr. Hawthorne's earliest volumes, "Twice Told Tales," two or three of which are as fine as his larger efforts—one especially, in which a story is told by a succession of unspoken sounds as clearly as it could have been by pictures. It is one of Messrs. Ticknor, Reed and Fields' beautiful editions, and the preface and portrait are most interesting. Nothing can exceed the modesty of that preface, and I am told that Mr. Hawthorne is astonished at his own reputation, and thinks himself the most over-rated man in America. Then that portrait—what a head! and he is said to be of the height and build of Daniel Webster. So much the better. It is well that a fine intellect should be fitly lodged; such harmony is amongst the best and rarest of natural gifts.

Mr. Hawthorn is engaged in another tale, and on a work for young people, which, from such a man, will probably prove quite as acceptable to children of a larger growth as to those for whom it is ostensibly written.

XI.

OLD POETS.

ANDREW MARVELL.

ANDREW MARVELL'S very name suggests the idea of incorruptible patriotism. The well-known story of his refusing a court bribe by calling his servant to prove that he had dined three times upon a shoulder of mutton, although probably apocryphal, serves to prove the notion universally entertained of the uncompromising member for Hull; unassailable as Robespierre himself to all money temptations, and strong enough to have resisted the subtler temptations of power. His learning too is generally acknowledged. He shared with Milton the high and honourable office of Latin Secretary to the Lord Protector; was the champion

of the great poet's living reputation; the supporter of free principles against all assailants; and is praised even by Swift, not addicted to over-praise, for the keen wit and fiery eloquence of his polemical tracts; nay, the Dean paid him the still more unequivocal compliment of imitating his style pretty closely.

As a poet, he is little known, except to the professed and unwearied reader of old folios. And yet his poems possess many of the finest elements of popularity: a rich profusion of fancy which almost dazzles the mind as bright colours dazzle the eye; an earnestness and heartiness which do not always, do not often belong to these flowery fancies, but which when found in their company add to them inexpressible vitality and savour; and a frequent felicity of phrase, which when once read, fixes itself in the memory and *will* not be forgotten.

Mixed with these dazzling qualities is much carelessness and a prodigality of conceits which the stern Roundhead ought to have left with other frippery to his old enemies, the Cavaliers. But it was the vice of the age—all ages have their favourite literary sins — and we must not blame Marvell too severely for falling into an error to which the very exuberance of his nature rendered him peculiarly prone. His mind was a bright

garden, such a garden as he has described so finely, and that a few gaudy weeds should mingle with the healthier plants does but serve to prove the fertility of the soil.

BERMUDAS.

Where the remote Bermudas ride
In the ocean's bosom unespied;
From a small boat that rowed along
The listening winds received their song.

What should we do but sing His praise
That led us through the watery maze,
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own?

Where He the huge sea-monsters wracks
That lift the deep upon their backs,
He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storms and prelate's rage.

He gave us this eternal spring,
Which here enamels everything;
And sends the fowls to us in care
On daily visits through the air.

He hangs in shades the orange bright
Like golden lamps in a green night,
And does in the pomegranates close
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows.

He makes the figs our mouths to meet;
And throws the melons at our feet;
But apples, plants of such a price,
No tree could ever bear them twice.

With cedars, chosen by His Hand,
From Lebanon He stores the land;
And makes the hollow seas that roar
Proclaim the ambergris on shore.

He cast, of which we rather boast,
The Gospel's pearl upon our coast;
And in these rocks for us did frame
A Temple where to sound His name.

Oh let our voice His praise exalt
Till it shall reach to Heaven's vault,
Which thence, perhaps, rebounding may
Echo beyond the Mexique bay!

Thus sang they in the English boat,
A holy and a cheerful note;

And all the way, to guide their chime
With falling oars they kept the time.

THE GARDEN.

How vainly men themselves amaze
To win the palm, the oak or bays;
And their incessant labours see
Crowned from some single herb or tree,
Whose short and narrow vergèd shade
Does prudently their toils upbraid;
While all the flowers and trees do close,
To weave the garland of repose.

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence, thy sister dear?
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busy companies of men.
Your sacred plants, if here below,
Only among the plants will grow.
Society is all but rude
To this delicious solitude.

No white, nor red was ever seen
So amorous as this lovely green.
Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,
Cut in these trees their mistress' name.
Little, alas! they know or heed
How far these beauties her exceed!
Fair trees! where'er your barks I wound,
No name shall but your own be found.

When we have run our passion's heat,
Love hither makes his best retreat.
The gods, who mortal beauty chase,
Still in a tree did end their race.
Apollo hunted Daphne so,
Only that she might laurel grow;
And Pan did after Syrinx speed,
Not as a nymph but for a seed.

What wondrous life in this I lead!
Ripe apples drop about my head;
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine;
The nectarine, the curious peach
Into my hands themselves do reach;
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
Ensnared with flowers I fall on grass.

Meanwhile the mind from pleasure less
Withdraws into its happiness;
The mind, that ocean, where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find,
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other worlds, and other seas;
Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,

Casting the body's vest aside,
My soul into the boughs does glide:
There, like a bird, it sits and sings,
Then whets and claps its silver wings;
And, till prepared for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes the various light.

Such was that happy garden-state,
While man there walked without a mate;
After a place so pure and sweet,
What other help could yet be meet!
But 'twas beyond a mortal's share
To wander solitary there;
Two Paradises are in one,
To live in Paradise alone!

How well the skilful gardener drew
Of flowers and herbs this dial new:
Where, from above, the milder sun
Does through a fragrant Zodiac run:
And as it works, the industrious bee
Computes his time as well as we.
How could such sweet and wholesome hours
Be reckoned but with herbs and flowers?

Wicked person! I was over charitable in forgiving his conceits. It is not in woman to pardon his want of gallantry. One can only suppose that

the unhappy man was an old bachelor. If the last stanza but one be provoking to female vanity, the last of all excites another feminine quality, called curiosity. What does the new dial mean? Is there really nothing new under the sun? And had they in the middle of the seventeenth century discovered the horologe of Flora?

THE NYMPH COMPLAINING FOR THE DEATH OF HER FAWN.

The wanton troopers riding by
Have shot my fawn, and it will die.
Ungentle men! they cannot thrive
Who killed thee. Thou ne'er didst alive
Them any harm. Alas! nor could
Thy death to them do any good.
I'm sure I never wished them ill;
Nor do I for all this; nor will:
But if my simple prayer may yet
Prevail with Heaven to forget
Thy murder, I will join my tears
Rather than fail. But oh, my fears!
It cannot die so. Heaven's King
Keeps register of every thing,
And nothing may we use in vain:
Even beasts must be with justice slain.

* * * * *

Inconstant Silvio, when yet
I had not found him counterfeit,
One morning, (I remember well)
Tied in this silver chain and bell,
Gave it to me: nay, and I know
What he said then: I'm sure I do.
Said he, "Look how your huntsman here
Hath taught a fawn to hunt his deer."
But Silvio soon had me beguiled.
This waxèd tame, while he grew wild,
And, quite regardless of my smart,
Left me his fawn but took his heart.
Thenceforth I set myself to play
My solitary time away
With this, and very well content
Could so my idle life have spent;
For it was full of sport, and light
Of foot and heart; and did invite
Me to its game; it seemed to bless
Itself in me. How could I less
Than love it? Oh! I cannot be
Unkind to a beast that loveth me.
Had it lived long, I do not know
Whether it too might have done so
As Silvio did; his gifts might be
Perhaps as false or more than he.
But I am sure, for aught that I
Could in so short a time espy,
Thy love was far more better than
The love of false and cruel man.
With sweetest milk and sugar, first
I it at my own fingers nurst;

And, as it grew, so every day
It waxed more sweet and white than they:
It had so sweet a breath. And oft
I blushed to see its foot more soft
And white, shall I say than my hand?
Nay, any lady's of the land.
It is a wondrous thing how fleet
'Twas on those little silver feet;
With what a pretty skipping grace
It oft would challenge me the race;
And, when 'thad left me far away,
'Twould stay, and run again, and stay;
For it was nimbler much than hinds,
And trod as if on the four winds.

I have a garden of my own,
But so with roses overgrown
And lilies, that you would it guess
To be a little wilderness,
And all the spring-time of the year
It only lovèd to be there.
Among the beds of lilies I
Have sought it oft where it should lie,
Yet could not, till itself would rise,
Find it, although before mine eyes;
For in the flaxen lilies shade
It like a bank of lilies laid;
Upon the roses it would feed,
Until its lips even seemed to bleed;
And then to me 'twould boldly trip,
And print those roses on my lip.

But all its chief delight was still
On roses thus itself to fill,
And its pure virgin limbs to fold
In whitest sheets of lilies cold.
Had it lived long, it would have been
Lilies without, roses within.

* * * * *

Nothing can exceed the tender grace, the delicate prettiness of this little poem. There is a trippingness in the measure, now stopping short, now bounding on, which could not have been exceeded by the playful motions of the poor fawn itself. We must forgive his want of gallantry. It must have been all pretence. No true woman-hater could so have embodied a feeling peculiar to the sex, the innocent love of a young girl for her innocent pet.

I must find room for a few stanzas of Marvell's Horatian Ode upon Cromwell's return from Ireland. Fine as the praise of Cromwell is, it yields in grandeur and beauty to the tribute paid by the Roundhead poet to the demeanour of the King upon the scaffold by far the noblest of the many panegyrics upon the martyred King.

* * * *

'Tis time to leave the books in dust,
And oil the unused armour's rust;

Removing from the wall
The corselet of the hall.

So restless Cromwell could not cease
In the inglorious arts of peace,
But through adventurous war
Urgèd his active star:

* * * *

And if we would speak true
Much to the man is due,

Who from his private gardens, where
He lived reservèd and austere,
(As if his highest plot
To plant the bergamot),

Could by industrious valour climb
To win the greatest work of Time,
And cast the kingdoms old
Into another mould!

Though justice against fate complain
And plead the ancient rights in vain,
But those do hold or break
As men are strong or weak.

Nature that hateth emptiness
Allows of penetration less.
And therefore must make room
Where greater spirits come.

What field of all the civil war
Where his were not the deepest scar?
And Hampden shows what part
He had of wiser art:

Where, twining civil fears with hope,
He wove a net of such a scope,
That Charles himself might chase
To Carisbrooke's narrow case;

That thence the royal actor borne
The tragic scaffold might adorn.
While round the armèd bands
Did clap their bloody hands.

He nothing common did or mean
Upon that memorable scene,
But with his keener eye
The axe's edge did try;

Nor called the gods, with vulgar spite,
To vindicate his helpless right;
But bowed his comely head
Down, as upon a bed.

And he who wrote this was Cromwell's Latin Secretary! and Cromwell's other Latin Secretary was Milton! There have been many praises of the Lord Protector written latterly, but these two facts seem to me worth them all.

XII.

SCOTTISH POETS.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

Two of the ballads of William Motherwell are amongst the most beautiful in the Scottish dialect, so full of lyrical beauty; and yet the one which is the most touching, is scarcely known, except to a few lovers of poetry. "Jeanie Morrison," indeed, has an extensive popularity in Scotland, and yet even that charming song is comparatively little known in this country.

Burns is the only poet with whom, for tenderness and pathos, Motherwell can be compared. The elder bard has written much more largely, is more various, more fiery, more abundant; but I doubt if

there be in the whole of his collection anything so exquisitely finished, so free from a line too many, or a word out of place, as the two great ballads of Motherwell. And let young writers observe that this finish was the result, not of a curious felicity, but of the nicest elaboration. By touching and retouching, during many years, did "Jeanie Morrison" attain her perfection, and yet how completely has art concealed art! How entirely does that charming song appear like an irrepressible gush of feeling that *would* find vent. In "My heid is like to rend, Willie," the appearance of spontaneity is still more striking, as the passion is more intense—intense, indeed, almost to painfulness.

Like Burns, Motherwell died before he attained his fortieth year, and like him, too, although a partisan of far different opinions, he was ardently engaged in political discussion as the Editor of a Tory newspaper, in Glasgow. He was even the Secretary of an Institution that sounds strangely in English ears—a Scotch Orange Lodge. I notice these facts only to observe, that they are already almost forgotten. The elements of bitterness and hatred, in which the politician revels, live through their little day, then pass away for ever: while the deep and pure feelings of a true poet are imperishable.

As with "Percy's Reliques," my own copy of Motherwell has to me an interest besides that of its high literary merits. If I would explain the source of that interest, I must even tell the story, luckily a very short one.

Three years ago, a friend to whom I owe a thousand obligations of all sorts and kinds, posted London over to procure this volume. Now my friend is a man of book-shops and book-stalls, but only one copy could he meet with, and that was neither Scotch, nor English, but American, from the great Boston publishers, Ticknor and Company. The book became immediately a favourite, and was laid on the table—a phrase which in my little drawing-room has a very different sense from that which it bears in the House of Commons.

One fine summer afternoon, shortly after I had made this acquisition, two young Americans made their appearance, with letters of introduction from some honoured friends. There was no mention of profession or calling, but I soon found that they were not only men of intelligence and education, but of literary taste and knowledge; one especially had the look, the air, the conversation of a poet. We talked on many subjects, and got at last to the delicate question of American reprints of English authors; on which, much to their delight and a little

to their surprise, there was no disagreement; I for my poor part pleading guilty to the taking pleasure in such a diffusion of my humble works. "Besides," continued I, "you send us better things—things otherwise unattainable. I could only procure the fine poems of Motherwell in this Boston edition." My two visitors smiled at each other. "This is a most singular coincidence," cried the one whom I knew by instinct to be a poet. "I am a younger partner in this Boston house, and at my pressing instance this book was reprinted. I cannot tell you how pleased I am to see it here!"

Mr. Fields' visit was necessarily brief; but that short interview has laid the foundation of a friendship which will, I think, last as long as my frail life, and of which the benefit is all on my side. He sends me charming letters, verses which are fast ripening into true poetry, excellent books; and this autumn he brought back himself, and came to pay me a second visit; and he must come again, for of all the kindnesses with which he loads me, I like his company best.

My heid is like to rend, Willie,
My heart is like to break,—
I'm wearin' aff my feet, Willie,
I'm dying for your sake!
O lay your cheek to mine, Willie,
Your hand on my briest-bane,—

O say ye'll think on me, Willie,
When I am deid and gane!

It's vain to comfort me, Willie,
Sair grief maun ha'e its will,—
But let me rest upon your briest,
To sab and greet my fill.
Let me sit on your knee, Willie,
Let me shed by your hair,
And look into the face, Willie,
I never sall see mair!

I'm sittin' on your knee, Willie,
For the last time in my life,—
A puir heart-broken thing, Willie,
A mither, yet nae wife.
Ay, press your hand upon my heart,
And press it mair and mair,—
Or it will burst the silken twine,
Sae strong is its despair!

Oh wae's me for the hour, Willie,
When we thegither met,—
Oh wae's me for the time, Willie,
That our first tryst was set!
Oh wae's me for the loanin' green
Where we were wont to gae,—
And wae's me for the destinie
That gart me luve thee sae!

Oh, dinna mind my words, Willie,
I downa seek to blame,—
But oh! it's hard to live, Willie,
And dree a warld's shame!
Het tears are hailin' o'er your cheek
And hailin' o'er your chin;
Why weep ye sae for worthlessness,
For sorrow and for sin?

I'm weary o' this warld, Willie,
And sick wi' a' I see,—
I canna live as I hae lived,
Or be as I should be,
But fauld unto your heart, Willie,
The heart that still is thine,—
And kiss ance mair the white white cheek
Ye said was red lang syne.

A stoun' gaes through my heid, Willie,
A sair stoun' through my heart,—
Oh! haud me up and let me kiss
Thy brow ere we twa pairt.
Anither, and anither yet
How fast my heart-strings break!—
Fareweel! fareweel! through yon kirkyar
Step lichtly for my sake!

The laverock in the lift, Willie,
That lilts far ower our heid,
Will sing the morn as merrilie
Abune the clay-cauld deid;

And this green turf we're sittin' on
  Wi' dew-draps shimmerin' sheen,
Will hap the heart that luvit thee
  As warld has seldom seen.

But oh! remember me, Willie,
  On land where'er ye be,—
And oh! think on the leal, leal heart,
  That ne'er luvit ane but thee!
And oh! think on the cauld, cauld mools,
  That file my yellow hair,—
That kiss the cheek and kiss the chin
  Ye never sall kiss mair!

The following Cavalier Song was first given by Motherwell as an original manuscript by Lovelace, accidentally discovered on a fly-leaf of his poems. The story found believers. They ought to have seen that the imitation, though very skilful, was too close. Lovelace was the last man in the world to have repeated his own turns of phrase.

A steede! a steede of matchless speed,
  A sword of metal keene!
All else to noble heartes is drosse,
  All else on earth is meane.
The neighyinge of the war-horse prowde,
  The rowlinge of the drum,
The clangor of the trumpet lowde,
  Be soundes from heaven that come.

And oh! the thundering presse of knightes
When as their war-cryes swell,
May toll from heaven an angel brighte,
And rouse a fiend from hell.

Then mounte! then mounte brave gallants, all,
And don your helmes amaine;
Death's couriers, Fame and Honour, call
Us to the field againe.
No shrewish teares shall fill our eye
When the sword hilt's in our hand,—
Heart-whole we'll part, and no whit sighe
For the fayrest of the land;
Let piping swaine and craven wight
Thus weep and puling crye,
Our business is like men to fight,
And hero-like to die!

JEANIE MORRISON.

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
Through mony a weary way;
But never, never can forget
The luve o' life's young day!
The fire that's blawn on Beltane e'en
May weel be black gin Yule;
But blacker fa' awaits the heart
Where first fond luve grows cule.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
The thochts o' bygane years
Still fling their shadows ower my path
And blind my een wi' tears:
They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,
And sair and sick I pine
As memory idly summons up
The blithe blinks o' langsyne.

'Twas then we luvit ilk ither weel,
'Twas then we twa did part;
Sweet time! sad time! twa bairns at schule,
Twa bairns and but ae heart!
'Twas then we sat on ae laigh bink,
To leir ilk ither lear;
And tones and looks and smiles were shed,
Remembered ever mair.

I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,
When sitting on that bink,
Cheek touchin' cheek, loof locked in loof,
What our wee heads could think?
When baith bent doun ower ae braid page
Wi' ae buik on our knee,
Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
My lesson was in thee.

Oh mind ye how we hung our heads,
How cheeks brent red wi' shame,
Whene'er the schule-weans laughin' said
We cleeked thegither hame?

And mind ye o' the Saturdays,
(The scule then skail't at noon,)
When we ran aff to speel the braes,
The broomy braes o' June?

My head rins round and round about,
My heart flows like a sea,
As ane by ane the thochts rush back
O' scule-time and o' thee
O mornin' life! O mornin' luve!
O lichtsome days and lang,
When hinnied hopes around our hearts
Like simmer blossoms sprang.

Oh, mind ye, luve, how oft we left
The deavin' dinsome toun,
To wander by the green burnside,
And hear its waters croon?
The simmer leaves hung ower our heads,
The flowers burst round our feet,
And in the gloamin' o' the wood
The throssill whusslit sweet;

The throssil whusslit in the wood,
The burn sang to the trees,
And we with nature's heart in tune
Concerted harmonies;
And, on the knowe abune the burn,
For hours thegither sat

I' the silentness o' joy, till baith
Wi' very gladness grat.

Ay, ay, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Tears trinkled doun your cheek,
Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane
Had ony power to speak!
That was a time, a blessed time,
When hearts were fresh and young,
When freely gushed all feelings forth
Unsyllabled, unsung!

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,
Gin I hae been to thee
As closely twined wi' earliest thochts
As ye hae been to me?
Oh! tell me gin their music fills
Thine ear as it does mine?
Oh! say gin e'er your heart grows grit
Wi' dreamings o' lang syne?

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
I've borne a weary lot;
But in my wanderings, far or near,
Ye never were forgot.
The fount that first burst frae this heart
Still travels on its way;
And channels deeper, as it rins,
The luve o' life's young day.

Oh dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
  Since we were sindered young,
I've never seen your face nor heard
  The music o' your tongue;
But I could hug all wretchedness
  And happy could I die,
Did I but ken your heart still dreamed
  O' bygane days and me!

XIII.

GREAT PROSE WRITERS.

LORD BACON—JOHN MILTON—JEREMY TAYLOR—JOHN RUSKIN.

Of the many illustrious prose writers who adorned the reigns of Elizabeth and James the First, Bacon is the one whose shrewdness, and power, and admirable good sense have left the deepest traces in our literature. His Essays are still read with avidity and delight, every fresh perusal bringing forth fresh proofs of his knowledge of human nature and felicity of language. We cannot but be grateful to the author, however we may dislike as a man the treacherous friend of Essex and the cringing parasite of James.

I do not know any single passage that more advantageously displays his fulness and richness of thought and of style than this on the use of study.

"Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring; for ornament is in discourse; and for ability is in the judgment and disposition of business; for expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots, and marshalling of affairs come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies is sloth; to use them too much for ornament is affectation: to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humour of a scholar. They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience; for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men contemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them and above them, won by observation. Read, not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested: that is, some books are to be read

only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man; and, therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning to seem to know that he doth not."

I add one very fine illustration:

"If the invention of the ship was thought so noble, which carrieth riches and commodities from place to place, and consociateth the most remote regions in participation of their fruits, how much more are letters to be magnified, which as ships pass through the vast sea of Time, and make ages so distant participate of the wisdom, illuminations, and inventions, the one of the other!"

In John Milton's grand and holy fame there is no alloy. The man was as great and pure as the author. I am not sure whether (always excepting the minor poems) I do not prefer the stately and weighty march of his prose, even to his lofty and

resounding verse. I select some noble passages from his "Appeal for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing."

"I do not deny but it is of the greatest concernment in the Church and Commonwealth to have a vigilant eye how books demean themselves, as well as men; and therefore to confine, imprison, and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors; for books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them, to be as active as that soul whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve as in a phial the purest efficacy and extraction of that which bred them. I know they are as lively, as vigorously productive as those fabulous dragons' teeth; and being sown up and down may chance to spring up armed men; and yet on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book: who kills a man, kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who kills a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life: 'Tis true no age can restore a life, whereof perhaps there is no great loss; and revolutions of ages do not often recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse. We should be wary,

therefore, what persecution we raise against the living labours of public men, how spill that treasured life of man preserved and stored up in books, since we see what a homicide may be thus committed, sometimes a kind of martyrdom; and if it extend to the whole impression a kind of massacre, whereof the execution ends not in the slaying an elemental life, but strikes at that ethereal and soft essence, the breath of reason itself, slays an immortality rather than a life.

* * * *

"Good and evil we know in the field of this world grow up together almost inseparably; and the knowledge of good is so involved and interwoven with the knowledge of evil, and in so many cunning resemblances hardly to be discerned, that those confused seeds which were imposed upon Psyche as an incessant labour to cull out and sort asunder, were not more intermixed. It was from out the rind of one apple tasted that the knowledge of good and evil, as two twins cleaving together, leaped forth into the world. And perhaps this is that doom which Adam fell into of knowing good and evil, that is to say, of knowing good by evil. As, therefore, the state of man now is, what wisdom can there be to choose, what continence to forbear, with-

out the knowledge of evil? He that can apprehend and consider vice with all her baits and seeming pleasures and yet abstain, and yet distinguish, and yet prefer that which is truly better, he is the true warfaring Christian. I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race where that immortal garland is to be run for not without dust and heat. Assuredly we bring not innocence into the world, we bring impurity much rather. That which purifies us is trial, and trial is by what is contrary. That virtue, therefore, which is but a youngling in the contemplation of evil, and knows not the utmost that vice promises to her followers and rejects it, is but a blank virtue, not a grace; which was the reason why our sage and serious poet Spenser (whom I dare be known to think a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas) describing true temperance under the person of Guion, brings him in with his palmer through the cave of Mammon and the bower of earthly bliss, that he might see and know, and yet abstain.

* * * *

"If, therefore, ye be loath to dishearten utterly and discontent, not the mercenary crew and false

pretenders to learning, but the free and ingenuous sort of such as evidently were born to study, and love learning for itself, not for lucre, or any other end, but the service of God and of Truth, and perhaps that lasting fame and perpetuity of praise which God and good men have consented shall be the reward of those whose published labours advance the good of mankind; then know that so far to disturb the judgment and honesty of one who hath but a common repute in learning, and never yet offended, as not to count him fit to print his mind without a tutor and examiner, lest he should drop a schism or something of corruption, is the greatest displeasure and indignity to a free and knowing spirit that can be put upon him. What advantage is it to be a man over a boy at school if we have only escaped the ferula to come under the fescue of an imprimator?—if serious and elaborate writings, as if they were no more than the theme of a grammar lad under his pedagogue, must not be uttered without the cursory eyes of a temporising and extemporising licenser? He who is not trusted with his own actions, his drift not being known to be evil, and standing to the hazard of the law and penalty, has no great reason to think himself reputed in the Commonwealth wherein he was born for other than a fool or a foreigner. When a man writes to the world, he summons up all his reason

and deliberation to assist him; he searches, meditates, is industrious, and likely consults and confers with his judicious friends; after all which is done, he takes himself to be informed in what he writes as well as any that writ before him; if in this, the most consummate act of his fidelity and ripeness, no industry, no former proof of his ability can bring him to that state of maturity as not to be still mistrusted and suspected, unless he carry all his considerate diligence, all his midnight watchings, to the hasty view of an unleisured licenser, perhaps much his younger, perhaps much his inferior in judgment, and perhaps one who never knew the labour of book-writing."

* * * *

"And lest some should persuade ye, Lords and Commons, that these arguments of learned men's discouragement at this your order, are mere flourishes and not real, I could recount what I have seen and heard in other countries, where this kind of inquisition tyrannises: when I have sat amongst their learned men (for that honour I had) and been counted happy to be born in such a place of philosophic freedom as they supposed England was, while themselves did nothing but bemoan the ser vile condition into which learning amongst them w

brought; that this was it which had damped the glory of Italian wits; that nothing had been there written now these many years but flattery and fashion. There it was that I found and visited the famous Galileo, grown old, a prisoner to the Inquisition, for thinking in astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican masters thought. And though I knew that England was then groaning loudest under the prelatical yoke, nevertheless I took it as a pledge of future happiness that other nations were so persuaded of her liberty."

* * * *

"Lords and Commons of England! consider what nation it is whereof ye are the governors; a nation, not slow and dull, but of a quick, ingenious, and piercing spirit, acute to invent, subtle and sinewy to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point that human capacity can soar to. * * * Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation, rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see her as an eagle, showing her mighty youth and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam; purging and unsealing her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole voice of timorous and flocking

birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means.

* * * *

"Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injudiciously, by licensing and prohibiting, to misdoubt her strength. Let her and Falsehood grapple; who ever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter? Her confuting is the best and purest suppressing. He who hears what praying there is for light and clear knowledge to be sent down among us, would think of other matters to be constituted beyond the discipline of Geneva, framed and fabricated already to our hands. Yet when the new light which we beg for shines in upon us, there be who envy and oppose if it come not first in at their casements. What a collusion is this; whereas we are exhorted by the wise men to use diligence, "to seek for wisdom as for hidden treasures" early and late, that another order shall enjoin us to know nothing but by statute! When a man hath been labouring the hardest labour in the deep mines of knowledge, hath furnished out his findings in all their equipage, drawn forth his reasons as it were a battle ranged, scattered and defeated all objections in his

way, calls out his adversary into the plain, offers him the advantage of wind and sun if he please, only that he may try the matter by dint of argument; for his opponents then to skulk, to lay ambushments, to keep a narrow bridge of licensing where the challenger should pass, though it be valour enough in soldiership, is but weakness and cowardice in the wars of Truth. For who knows not that Truth is strong next to the Almighty? She needs no policies, nor stratagems, nor licensings to make her victorious; those are the shifts and the defences that error uses against her power. Give her but room, and do not bind her when she sleeps."

Jeremy Taylor, the great ornament of English pulpit eloquence, is the fit successor of John Milton; yet no two writers, each being so admirable, can be more different. The Prelate, with his inimitable grace, his fertility, and his fancy; the Poet, with his fulness, his grandeur and his force. They who would enjoy the pleasure of seeing the life and works of Bishop Taylor related and analysed by a kindred mind, should read the charming work of my friend Mr. Willmott. I content myself with extracting one splendid passage from his sermon on the Marriage Ring.

"Marriage is the proper scene of piety and patience, of the duty of parents and the charity of

relations; here kindness is spread abroad, and love is united and made firm as a centre. Marriage is the nursery of heaven. The virgin sends prayers to God, but she carries but one soul to Him; but the state of marriage fills up the numbers of the elect, and hath in it the labour of love and the delicacies of friendship, the blessing of society and the union of hands and hearts. It hath in it less of beauty but more of safety than the single life; it hath more ease but less danger; it is more merry and more sad; it is fuller of sorrows and fuller of joys; it lies under more burdens, but is supported by all the strengths of love and charity, and those burdens are delightful.

"Marriage is the mother of the world, and preserves kingdoms, and fills cities and churches, and heaven itself. Celibate, like the fly in the heart of an apple, dwells in a perpetual sweetness, but sits alone, and is confined and dies in singularity; but marriage, like the useful bee, builds a house, and gathers sweetness from every flower, and labours, and unites into societies and republics, and sends out colonies, and feeds the world with delicacies, and obeys their King, and keeps order, and exercises many virtues, and promotes the interest of mankind, and is that state of good things to which God hath designed the present constitution of the world."

Mr. Ruskin's name is not unworthy of being included in this illustrious catalogue. Nothing in modern literature was more remarkable than the appearance of the young Oxford graduate in the great field of art, attacking with fearless boldness all that had been consecrated by the veneration of ages; demolishing old idols, setting up new; often no doubt right, sometimes probably wrong; but always striking, always eloquent, always true to his own convictions and his own noble nature. I am too ignorant of his great subject to venture any opinion upon particular decisions; but it is certain that nothing but good can result from drawing, as he has done, the attention of the English public to the merits of their living countrymen, and sending the patrons of Art from the picture-dealer to the painter: nothing but good either to the taste or the heart from his own written pictures, holy, and pure, and bright, as those of his favourite Wordsworth. Many passages of "The Modern Painters" are really poems in their tenderness, their sentiment, and their grandeur. Who except a poet could put, as he has done life into a flower, in his exquisite description of the Soldanella of the Alps, a coarse and common plant, when seen in luxuriant health in a fertile valley, but rising into a touching, almost an ideal grace, when languishing through a faint and feeble existence, on the extreme borders of

those eternal snows, where it shows, like a memory of beauty, a consolation and a hope amidst the horrors and desolation of a stern and barren world.

But the greatest triumph of Mr. Ruskin is that long series of cloud pictures, unparalleled, I suppose, in any language, whether painted or written. I transcribe the fine opening of these magnificent chapters.

OF THE OPEN SKY.

"It is a strange thing how little, in general, people know about the sky. It is the part of creation in which nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man, more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him, and teaching him, than in any other of her works; and it is just the part in which we least attend to her. There are not many of her other works in which some more material or essential purpose than the mere pleasing of man is not answered by every part of their organization; but every essential purpose of the sky might, so far as we know, be answered, if, once in three days or thereabouts, a great ugly black rain-cloud were brought up over the blue, and everything well watered, and so all left blue again till next time, with perhaps a film of morning and evening mist for dew. And, instead of this, there is not a moment

of any day of our lives when nature is not producing scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty, that it is quite certain that it is all done for us, and intended for our perpetual pleasure. And every man, wherever placed, however far from other sources of interest or of beauty, has this doing for him constantly. The noblest scenes of the earth can be seen and known but by few; it is not intended that man should live always in the midst of them: he injures them by his presence, he ceases to feel them if he be always with them; but the sky is for all; bright as it is, it is not 'too bright nor good for human nature's daily food;' it is fitted in all its functions for the perpetual comfort and exalting of the heart, for the soothing it, and purifying it from its dross and dust. Sometimes gentle, sometimes capricious, sometimes awful—never the same for two moments together; almost human in its passions, almost spiritual in its tenderness, almost divine in its infinity, its appeal to what is immortal in us is as distinct as its ministry of chastisement or of blessing to what is mortal, is essential. And yet we never attend to it, we never make it a subject of thought, but as it has to do with our animal sensations; we look upon all by which it speaks to us more clearly than to brutes,

upon all which bears witness to the intention of the Supreme, that we are to receive more from the covering vault than the light and the dew which we share with the weed and the worm, only as a succession of meaningless and monotonous accident, too common and too vain to be worthy of a moment of watchfulness, or a glance of admiration. If, in our moments of utter idleness and insipidity, we turn to the sky as a last resource, which of its phenomena do we speak of? One says it has been wet, and another it has been windy, and another it has been warm. Who, among the whole chattering crowd, can tell me of the forms and the precipices of the chain of tall white mountains that gilded the horizon at noon yesterday? Who saw the narrow sunbeam that came out of the south, and smote upon their summits, until they melted and mouldered away in a dust of blue rain? Who saw the dance of the dead clouds, when the sunlight left them last night, and the west wind blew them before it, like withered leaves? All has passed unregretted or unseen; or, if the apathy be ever shaken off, even for an instant, it is only by what is gross, or what is extraordinary; and yet it is not in the broad and fierce manifestations of the elemental energies, not in the clash of the hail, nor the drift of the whirlwind, that the highest characters of the sublime are developed. God is not in the

earthquake, nor in the fire, but in the still small voice. They are but the blunt and the low faculties of our nature, which can only be addressed through lampblack and lightning. It is in quiet and subdued passages of unobtrusive majesty, the deep, and the calm, and the perpetual—that which must be sought ere it is seen, and loved ere it is understood—things which the angels work out for us daily, and yet vary eternally, which are never wanting, and never repeated, which are to be found always, yet each found but once. It is through these that the lesson of devotion is chiefly taught, and the blessing of beauty given."

Jeremy Taylor himself has nothing more holy or more beautiful than this passage.

My most kind friend, Mr. Ruskin, will understand why I connect his name with the latest event that has befallen me, the leaving the cottage that for thirty years had been my shelter. In truth, it was leaving me. All above the foundation seemed mouldering, like an old cheese, with damp and rottenness. The rain came dripping through the roof and steaming through the walls. The hailstones pattered upon my bed, through the casements, and the small panes rattled and fell to pieces every high wind. My pony was driven from his stable by a great hole where the bricks had fallen out of the side, and from the coach-

house, where he was placed for refuge, by a huge gap in the thatch above. There was some danger that his straw bed must be spread in the little hall; but the hall itself was no safer, for one evening, crossing from the door to the staircase, I found myself dragging off the skirting-board by no stronger a compulsion than the flounce of a muslin gown. The poor cottage was crumbling around us, and if we had staid much longer we should have been buried in the ruins.

And yet it was great grief to go. Besides my hatred of all change, especially change of place, a tendency to take root where I am planted, and to eschew all fresh dwellings, which renders me quite, an anachronism in this locomotive age; besides my general aversion to new habitations, I had associations with those old walls which endeared them to me more than I can tell. There I had toiled and striven, and tasted as deeply of bitter anxiety, of fear and of hope as often falls to the lot of woman. There, in the fulness of age, I had lost those whose love had made my home sweet and precious. Alas! there is no hearth so humble but it has known such tales of joy and of sorrow!

Other recollections, less dear and less sad, added their interest to the place. Friends, many and kind; strangers, whose mere names were an honour, had come to that bright garden, and that garden room. The list would fill more pages than I have

to give. There Mr. Justice Talfourd had brought the delightful gaiety of his brilliant youth, and poor Haydon had talked more vivid pictures than he ever painted. The illustrations of the last century—Mrs. Opie, Miss Porter, Mr. Cary—had mingled there with poets, still in their earliest dawn. It was a heart-tug to leave that garden.

But necessity (may I not rather say Providence?) works for us better than our own vain wishes. I did move—I was compelled to move from the dear old house; not very far; not much farther than Cowper when he migrated from Olney to Weston, and with quite as happy an effect. I walked from the one cottage to the other on an autumn evening, when the vagrant birds, whose habit of assembling here for their annual departure, gives, I suppose, its name of Swallowfield to the village, where circling and twittering over my head; and repeated to myself the pathetic lines of Hayley, as he saw those same birds gathering upon his roof during his last illness:

"Ye gentle birds, that perch aloof,
And smooth your pinions on my roof,
Preparing for departure hence
Ere winter's angry threats commence;

Like you my soul would smooth her plume
For longer flights beyond the tomb.

May God, by whom is seen and heard
Departing man and wandering bird,

In mercy mark us for His own
And guide us to the land unknown!"

Thoughts soothing and tender came with those touching lines, and gayer images followed. Here I am in this prettiest village, in the snuggest and cosiest of all snug cabins; a trim cottage garden, divided by a hawthorn hedge from a little field guarded by grand old trees; a cheerful glimpse of the high-road in front, just to hint that there is such a thing as the peopled world; and on either side the deep silent woody lanes that form the distinctive character of English scenery. Very lovely is my favourite lane, leading along a gentle declivity to the valley of the Loddon, by pastoral water meadows studded with willow pollards, past picturesque farm-houses and quaint old mills, the beautiful river glancing here and there like molten silver, until it disappears through a rustic bridge among the shades and avenues of the Duke's park, a scene that belongs to history.

We have another historical mansion close at hand, where Lord Clarendon wrote his thrilling tale of the Great Rebellion, and where the inhabitants and the library are worthy of such a predecessor. And they are so kind to me! and everybody is so kind; and the new cottage is already dearer than the old.

The very gipsies have found us out. Even as I

write, my little maid is bargaining for baskets with my friend of the lane, and seems likely to be as well taken in as I could be; the pony is rolling in the meadow; the mill-waggon, with the jolly miller's handsome son, is looming in the distance; and on the green before our court little Henry is driving Fanchon who sits perched in the wheel-barrow, whilst her brown curls are turning into gold in the wintry sun, that lends its charm and its glory to the simplest landscape and the humblest home.

A WORD TO THE COURTEOUS READER.

I have to entreat more than usual indulgence for errors of the Press. When I say that these three volumes have been printed in one fortnight, while the Author was residing in a remote village, visited by the postman only once a day, they who are familiar with such matters, may perhaps wonder that the blunders, however many, are not still more numerous.

THE END.

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